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R. Caton Woodville.  
1885.

MOUNTAINEERING IN THE TYROL: TURNING A CORNER.



## ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

There being absolutely Nobody in London, except the workmen and charwomen employed in sweeping and garnishing the member-deserted caravanserais of Clubland, I have taken the liberty of going out of town for a week or two. This time, it is not to the Antipodes or to India that I have repaired, by way of a change. I have merely taken a trip to the coast of Kent; and am now surveying mankind from a bath-chair on the Lees at Folkestone.

I used to know Folkestone very well some forty-five years ago, when the now pretty and fashionable watering-place was a little, "pokey," up-hill-and-down-dale antique town. Since then, I suppose that I have landed fifty times at Folkestone from France, without noticing the marvellous development of the place as a health resort of the highest class. The hotels, in particular, are among the very best on the south-east coast; and among them I would specially mention the West-Cliff, the Queen's, and the Lees Hotel. Private apartments very good and very dear. Flies insufficient in number, shocking as regards horseflesh, and the charges extortionate. The charms of Folkestone may be briefly summed up. Fair, quiet, and sweet rest, without dullness. Plenty of pretty girls to admire; but the majority in toilettes scarcely so admirable. Excellent table-d'hôte at the West-Cliff. I do not stay there because I am an invalid, and, consequently, a nuisance. An open sea; water a little too deep for safe bathing; a deliciously verdant and sheltered Lower Road for driving; the Upper Promenade overlooking the beach most enjoyable. Altogether, a place wherein to spend a happy fortnight.

And then, the drives to Beachborough, to Shorncliffe, to Hythe and Deal, to Cesar's Camp, to Westenhamer, to Dover, if you like, or even to Canterbury. My favourite excursion by fly is to Sandgate, because there I found a pretty, smiling, friendly hotel called the "Royal Kent," with a green garden stretching down to the sea. The "Nobs" had discovered the prettiness and geniality of the Royal Kent, and had taken possession of it; so that I could not obtain rooms there; but I call occasionally to take tea in the garden, and contemplate the upper classes from a respectful distance. When the "Nobs" go back to their ancestral mansions, I shall make, if I get well, an attempt to find shelter at the Royal Kent. The courteous landlord is a *virtuoso*, and has cabinets full of old china, and rooms full of old tapestry, old chairs, and rare old prints after Hogarth, and Jan Steen, and Joseph Vernet.

Mem.: The finest collection of Hogarths that I have ever seen out of the British Museum and the collection of the late John Forster, was at a barber's shop in Northern Queensland; I think, at Maryborough. The barber had, of course, an exaggerated idea of the value of his engravings; and had been told that they were worth five hundred pounds.

To return to Folkestone: I may mention that the amusements offered to visitors are not delirious in their excitement, but are varied and soothingly exhilarating. "The Private Secretary" has been played at the Townhall; a lady physiologist is, I gather from some alarming anatomical diagrams which adorn the hoardings, lecturing somewhere on the Human Inside. The Fine-Art Exhibition is still open; and at the West-Cliff the proprietor, Mr. Wedderburn, has taken a new and spirited departure in the shape of *al fresco* evening promenade concerts twice a week in the spacious and beautiful grounds attached to the hotel. I went to the concert on Saturday last; and found the pleasure illuminated with "fifty thousand additional lamps." Stay, stay: I was thinking of the old Vauxhall programmes; in reality the West-Cliff Grounds were lit up by a plenitude of Chinese lanterns and parti-coloured gas-globes.

Needless to say that the "Nobs" were all there, and that I viewed them from a reverential distance, and smoked. And then I listened to the strains of the splendid band of the 1st Manchester Regiment; and then Miss Effie Chapny, a young lady with a very pure, clear, and melodious voice and a refined manner, sang "It was a dream" and "Fond heart, farewell"; and other vocalists followed; and the "Nobs" looked pleased; and there was rapturous applause; and I went back to my lodgings to solitude and smoke.

"F. J." (Sewardstone) asks for the name of the author of the following well-known lines:—

The fault is great in man or woman  
That steals a goose from off a common;  
But who shall plead that man's excuse  
Who steals the common from the goose?

Is it Horne Tooke? I cannot answer the question with certainty; although I have been familiar with the lines for years. The quatrain, I fancy, pertains to the anthology of the Bar Mess, even as does the celebrated definition of the "Rule of the Road":—

The Rule of the Road is as plain as my hand,  
To explain it it won't take me long;  
If you keep to the left you are sure to be right,  
If you keep to the right you are wrong.

And the slightly more complete exposition of the Law of Settlement—

A woman having settlement  
Married a man with none,  
The question was, he being dead,  
If that she had was gone?  
Quoth Sir John —, "While he did live  
It dormant did remain;  
But being dead, her settlement  
Doth now revive again."  
(Chorus of Pious Judges.)  
Doth now revive again.

I have left a blank for the name of the learned Judge, because I have forgotten his name.

A kind lady tells me that my memory did not play me false, as regards the married name of Mrs. Balcombe's daughter, who, when she was a little girl, used to romp with Napoleon at St. Helena. She became Mrs. Abel; and my kind correspondent

used to meet her at Mrs. Milner Gibson's, Mrs. Horace Twiss's, and other centres of intellectual society of the last generation. Mrs. Abel had been very pretty, was very clever, and very popular. When I return to town, I must make a desperate search for her book. It is one of the most enchanting that I ever read.

This is not a conundrum; but do you happen to know who was the Englishman who contrived to give the Exile of Longwood one hour's real gratification during the five years of his dreary captivity? I will tell you. It was a young Lieutenant in the Navy called Rous; he was passionately fond of racing; and while his ship was lying at St. Helena he got up some races at the camp of the 53rd Regiment: the officers being the gentlemen riders. The course was close to Longwood House, and from a window of that wretched bungalow Napoleon witnessed the race, and was delighted. I wonder whether, in his green old age, Admiral Rous remembered Longwood House, and the races at the camp of the 53rd.

I wonder whatever can be the ground of the apparently deep-rooted objection entertained by the Strand District Board of Works to bookstalls? I read in an evening paper of Sept. 9 that, at a recent meeting of the sapient body in question, the board was reminded that, a short time since, they took proceedings at a police court against a bookseller in Wardour-street for placing a stall-board outside his shop. The magistrate (Mr. Newton) before whom the case was heard imposed only a nominal penalty; but added that, if the offence were repeated, he should impose the highest penalty which he was empowered to do by law.

The bookseller has offended again, in the matter of the stall-board full of books; and the Strand District Board of Works decided, by a large majority, to prosecute him again. It appears that they are authorised to do so under Act 57 George III., chap. xxix., sec. 65. Let me see. That Act must have been passed about the year 1816, when the country was flooded with cheap publications of a seditious or infidel character. Was the Bookstall Abolition Clause really intended to prevent the too public exhibition of Hone's "Political Catechism," Palmer's "Principles of Nature," and Tom Paine's "Rights of Man"?

It is to be hoped that the Mansion House Fund for the relief of the sufferers by the earthquakes at Charleston and in Greece will elicit a generous response from the charitable public. Charleston, when I first knew it, was not only the most delightful city in South Carolina, but to me (I had not yet been to New Orleans) the most delightful city in all the Southern States. Are there any kind and genial hosts in Charleston now; are there any "garrets" of "smoked" madeira and "rain water" madeira? How long is it since General Butler began the ruin of Charleston by throwing Greek fire into the beautiful city?

And now havoc seems to have approached final consummation in Charleston. Two thirds of the business quarters of the city have been laid low by earthquake. Five thousand people are without shelter and without food; and the loss of property must be counted by millions of dollars: while the dread of further shocks has driven the inhabitants—especially the negroes—almost frantic.

The Greek earthquakes have been scarcely less calamitous. Four flourishing towns and a large number of prosperous villages have been destroyed; and thousands of human beings are houseless and hungry. It is a pity that the appeal to the compassionate public is made at a season when there is Nobody in town, and when people at the seaside are much more inclined to lie upon their backs in the shade and watch the little children make mud pies and sand fortifications than to read the newspapers.

A large number of correspondents have been good enough to enlighten me as to the Final Cause (up to the present time, at least) of the Tithe Commissioners. The Tithe Commission was merged in the Copyhold Commission and the Enclosure Commission; and all three have been merged and incorporated under the style and title of the Land Commissioners for England, and their *habitat* is at 3, St. James-square, S.W.

I read as follows in the *Observer*:—

That venerable but somewhat inert institution, the Reform Club, is gathering together all its latent energies for what is termed in America "a big boom." A certain Mr. Lewis Fagan, we are told, on the most indisputable literary authority, is preparing a history of the Reform Club, detailing the steps which led to its origin and its growth up to the present year. The club was opened on the 24th of May, 1836; and its jubilee will be celebrated at the same time as that of her Majesty.

To this succeeds a quantity of leather and prunella about "curious old books by antiquaries, such as Tims"—who was Tims?—"and others," treating of the London clubs and their history; and the paragraph concludes thus:—

But to write the history of the Reform Club seems to us—we say so with all respect and veneration—to be at present a little premature. For the Reform Club has really, as yet, not made itself famous in any way, except by certain noisy and mysterious rumblings, and other subterranean noises and disturbances which are said to denote—and perhaps do denote—red-hot internal activity.

If the Reform Club be "a somewhat inert institution," how can it have made itself famous by "noisy and mysterious rumblings, and other subterranean noises and disturbances, denoting red-hot internal activity"? For the rest, it may be stated that the Reform Club, Pall-mall, which, externally, has a dignified but somewhat jail-like appearance, is, internally, noble in its proportions and almost unrivalled in the sober splendour of its decoration and its appointments. It is, moreover, one of the quietest and most comfortable clubs in Clubland. It has made itself famous; because among its members have been the most renowned of the Liberal statesmen and men of letters of two generations. The busts of Brougham, Gladstone, and Palmerston adorn its hall. The portraits of the Reforming Earl Grey; of another illustrious Reformer, Charles Pelham Villiers, still happily extant; of Thomas

Babington Macaulay; of Richard Cobden; of Daniel O'Connell; of Bernal Osborne, and of William Makepeace Thackeray, grace its walls; and I wish that I could see there a portrait of Douglas Jerrold, who was elected a member late in life. The Reform is the club of John Bright; and it was the club of John Arthur Roebuck. "Not made itself famous?"—Quotha!

The Anti-Slavery Society, which must be sometimes slightly embarrassed as to where to find subjects on which to vent its virtuous and beneficent indignation, has been thrown into ecstasies of philanthropic wrath at the intelligence that the Spanish Government was contemplating the renewal of Chinese immigration into the island of Cuba. The secretary of the society wrote a fervid letter to the Chinese Minister in England, warning his Excellency against such a renewal; and the Marquis Tseng sent a most courteous and diplomatic reply to the Secretary, saying that he was well aware of the abuses to which foreign contract labour was liable, and that he was sure that his Government would never sanction the making of such contracts except under proper and rigidly observed conditions.

It chanced that in the year 1864 I was in Cuba, waiting for a steamer to take me to Vera Cruz; and, some months afterwards, returning from Mexico, I again sojourned for a considerable time in "La Fedelisma Isla." I saw during both visits a great deal of the Chinese coolies—at Havana, Matanzas, and other places—where they were employed on the plantations and in the cigar factories. They looked healthy and happy enough. I was told that they worked very hard and saved a great deal of money; and I did not hear that they were ill-treated. Perhaps it was at a period subsequent to my visits that the maltreatment of the Chinese coolies began.

One thing seems tolerably certain. If some kind of coloured immigration be not sanctioned, and that speedily, in the island of Cuba, the "Pearl of the Antilles" will go as completely to rack and ruin as Jamaica and Hayti have done. The emancipated negroes will not work to a greater extent than will enable them to procure a sufficiency of the "abundant pumpkin," as immortalised by Thomas Carlyle. If there are no coolies, the sugar industry in the island will collapse; and the best thing that, under these distressing circumstances, the Spanish Government could do would be to sell Cuba to the United States—say, for a hundred millions of dollars. Brother Jonathan would "run" the island somehow, and make it pay.

A cognate difficulty is disturbing the splendid British colony of Queensland. Among the passengers by the steamship Duke of Wellington, which has just arrived at Plymouth from Brisbane, is Mr. Edward Cunningham, who is the bearer of a monster petition from North Queensland praying for political separation from the South. Among the ostensible grievances of the Northern Queenslanders are their great distance from Brisbane, insufficient representation, excess of revenue per head demanded by South Queensland, and the indefinite postponement of the payment of moneys granted to the North.

But to find the capital grievance of North Queensland you must read between the lines of this petition. It is here that the shoe most sorely pinches. The North wants coolie labour to cultivate its magnificent sugar plantations; the South does its bitter best to prevent the North from getting coloured labour, Polynesian, Indian, Chinese, or otherwise: first, because the leading Southern statesmen believe coloured labour to be only slavery in disguise, and, consequently, desperately wicked; next, because the white working man, who is Emperor, King, Serene Highness, Caliph, Bashaw of Three Tails, Boss, and Grand Serang throughout Australasia, holds that any labour that is required in North Queensland should be performed by white men, working eight hours a day, with ample intervals for refreshment and smoking, for a daily wage of from six to eight shillings. The sugar planters reply that the white man is physically incapable of working eight hours a day in the cane-brake; and that, were he so capable, they could not afford to pay him even so much as six shillings a day.

I note in a newspaper paragraph that the "Barley Mow" tavern, in Salisbury-court—better known as Cogers' Hall—was sold by auction this week. The designation of "Cogers" is said to be derived from the Latin verb "cogitare"; but this etymology I gravely doubt. I likewise read that among the presidents or "Grands" of the Society of Cogers were John Wilkes, Daniel O'Connell, and John Philpot Curran. This may or may not be; but it is certain that the amusing Debating Society spoken of is of considerable antiquity.

Mem.: The first speech that ever I ventured to deliver in public was made one evening, some eight-and-thirty years ago, at Cogers' Hall; but the hall was not in Salisbury-court, nor, as far as my recollection goes, in Shoe-lane. I cannot help thinking that it was in Fleet-street. I was taken thither by the late Mr. Thomas Littleton Holt, sometime proprietor and editor of the *Iron Times*, and also (in conjunction with the late Gilbert Abbott A'Beckett) of the *Wag*, the *Ghost*, the *Evangelical Penny Magazine*, the *Calendar of Horrors*, and the *Thief*. I was a raw lad, and thought that I was going to make a very fine speech; but, after stammering out a few sentences, the impertinence of youth was exemplarily punished, and I ingloriously broke down. For nine succeeding years I had sense enough to hold my tongue in public.

In the matter of the old blind man of St. Martin's. From most of the letters of the alphabet, and some of them repeated three or four times over, I have received stamps and postal notes varying in value between sixpence and five shillings, amounting in all to twenty-eight shillings and sixpence. This, with the sum received last week, makes a total of £3 16s. 6d. This has been supplemented by a sufficient amount to buy winter clothing for this poor old Belisarius; and a cheque has been sent to G. B., of Whitehall-place. An emissary was yesterday dispatched to London to ask the old man how he was getting on, but the policeman on duty said that the old net-maker had gone home early, not feeling very well. He had got a dog, but not, I apprehend, the dog of which I spoke last week. Please not to send me any more stamps, kind people. I have enough.

G. A. S.



## MUSIC.

On the opening day of the Doncaster Meeting Mr. L. De Rothschild won the Fitzwilliam Stakes with Lucerne, Mr. W. R. Marshall the Welter Plate with Don, Mr. A. Hoole the Clumber Plate with Veracity, Mr. W. T. Anson the Great Yorkshire Handicap with Selby, Mr. J. Dav's the Stand Stakes with Olga, and Mr. Lambton the Glasgow Plate with Wee Lassie colt. Lord Zetland's Panzerschiff and Lord Ellesmere's Grandison ran a dead-heat for the Champagne Stakes, and the stakes were divided.—The St. Leger Stakes was won on Wednesday by the Duke of Westminster's Ormonde; Mr. Manton's St. Mirin being second, and Mr. T. Jennings's Exmoor third.



# INDIAN COLONIAL AND WESTERN AUSTRALIA EXHIBITION

BRITISH NORTH BORNEO, STRAITS SETTLEMENTS, AND HONG-KONG.

## A RAMBLE THROUGH THE WEST AUSTRALIAN COURT.

The Hon. Malcolm Fraser (Colonial Secretary of Western Australia, and Executive Commissioner of the colony at the Exhibition) and his indefatigable Assistant Commissioner, Mr. Alpin Fowler Thomson, are to be warmly congratulated upon their ingenuity in giving a fair representation of the products of the largest of our Australian colonies within the compass of the smallest of the Australian courts. Shade of Sir James Stirling, what progress has been made in Western Australia since this gallant Captain in the Royal Navy first surveyed the coast from King George's Sound to Swan River on board the *Success* in 1828, and on the First of June, 1829, founded this Crown colony, of which he became Lieutenant-Governor! In addition to the salubrious capital city of Perth, picturesquely situated on the right bank of the Swan River estuary, and its seaport of Fremantle (with a population respectively of about 7000 and 5000), growing townships have sprung up at Albany, Geraldton, York, Bunbury, Guildford, Busselton, Cossack, Derby, Gascoyne, Ashburton, Bridgetown, Pinjarra, Beverley, Northam, Newcastle, Carnarvon, Derby, and Northampton. Albeit Western Australia is about one-third of the Australian Continent, comprising about a million square miles, and being about eight times the size of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, yet its population amounted last year only to about thirty-five thousand. But the discovery of gold in the auriferous districts of Kimberley, in the northern part of West Australia, will doubtless speedily increase the number of inhabitants, and add proportionately to the responsibilities of Sir F. Napier Broome, Governor of the Colony.

The Exhibition Rambler, his mind stored with these facts, will not fail to be interested in the cosy nook devoted to Western Australia. It adjoins the extensive Queensland

Court. The emblematic Swan is freely used in the decorative painting of the roof of the snug West Australian Court. The scene-painter's aid has also been sought with considerable advantage. As will be observed in the first of the Illustrations, a commanding painting on canvas depicting the mammoth Karri and Jarrah trees, which grow to a noble height, forms an artistic background to the fine Mother-of-Pearl trophy, to which I will return when brief tribute has been paid to the magnificent timber of Western Australia.

A glance at the Forest scene boldly delineated on canvas, followed by an examination of the handsome section of a real Jarrah tree, about 4 ft. 8 in. in diameter (richly meriting the earnest eulogium of Mr. Thomson, who points with pride, as sketched, to this splendid piece of timber); and one is not surprised to learn, on the high authority of the Hon. John Forrest, Commissioner of Crown Lands and Surveyor-General of the Colony, that Western Australia is especially celebrated "for the *Eucalyptus Marginata*, locally called 'Jarrah.' This timber is almost inexhaustible, and is useful for piles for jetties, wharfs, and bridges, for buildings, railway-sleepers, and all purposes requiring durability and imperviousness to the white ant and the *teredo navalis*. It is an easy wood to work, and is in request for all purposes of engineering and building throughout Australia, New Zealand, and in India. The Karri (*Eucalyptus diversicolor*) abounds along the south coast, west of Albany, and grows to a magnificent size. It is very highly spoken of, and obtains a place with Jarrah in South Australia and elsewhere for all engineering purposes. There are a great many other woods, Eucalypts Banksias, and Acacias, which are very valuable. During 1885, the export of timber was 16,962 loads, the estimated value being £67,850." Not far from the beautiful specimen of Jarrah are two exhibits which plainly demonstrate the utility and durability of this timber. One is a neatly-executed model of the railway bridge over the Swan

River at Fremantle—a bridge 650 ft. long, entirely constructed of Jarrah wood. Another is a Jarrah log which had for twenty-two years formed part of Bunbury Jetty, and is in an admirable state of preservation.

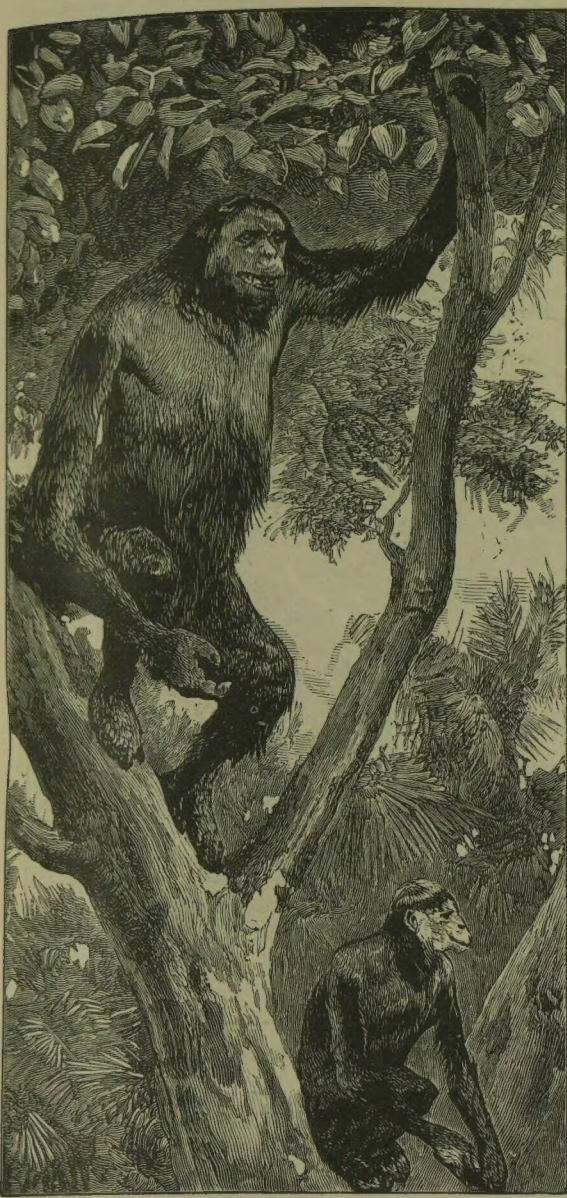
Pearls and pearl-shells are another considerable source of wealth in Western Australia. This is made clear by that well-known firm of jewellers, Messieurs Streeter and Co., who not only exhibit alluring arrays of gems at their establishments in New Bond-street and on Holborn Viaduct, but also deal largely in pearls at Cossack, in the colony now claiming attention. With good reason may the Mother-of-Pearl trophy tower proudly here in the heart of this miniature West Australia, for Messrs. Streeter show in one case a diver completely equipped as he appears at the bottom of the sea searching for pearl-shells, and exhibit a number of lovely shells thus found. They also display in their attractive jewellery cases the "Great Southern Cross" (of which remarkable pearl cross, valued at several thousand pounds, an Engraving appeared last July in the *Illustrated London News*), and, besides a variety of beautifully set pearls which never fail to excite the admiration of fair visitors, the largest of "drop pearls," forming a pendant to a diamond necklace, priced at £1200. It is instructive to learn, whilst admiring Messieurs Streeter's costly gems, again on the authority of the Hon. John Forrest, that "all along the north-western coast to the north of latitude 25 deg. south, the pearl oyster abounds, and pearls and pearl-shells are obtained by native divers. The industry is a very remunerative one, and the value of the export for 1885 was £58,496—viz., pearl-shells, £41,216, the average price being about £145 a ton; Sharks Bay shells, £2280, the average price being £5 a ton; and pearls, £15,000, estimated value. There is an export duty of £4 a ton on pearl-shells, with the exception of Sharks Bay and dead shells, upon which £1 per ton is charged." Which shows that the acute Colonial Treasurer, the Hon. Anthony



TROPHY OF MOTHER-OF-PEARL, AND FOREST SCENE, WEST AUSTRALIAN COURT.



## COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION: NORTH BORNEO, STRAITS SETTLEMENTS, AND HONG-KONG.



OURANG-OUTANG, BRITISH NORTH BORNEO COURT.

O'Grady Lefroy, keeps a keen eye on all sources of revenue in Western Australia.

Gold! That is the name Western Australia hopes to conjure with by-and-by, after the fashion of its thriving neighbours. Scant attention, it is to be feared, is bestowed upon the many valuable cases illustrating the geology and mineralogy

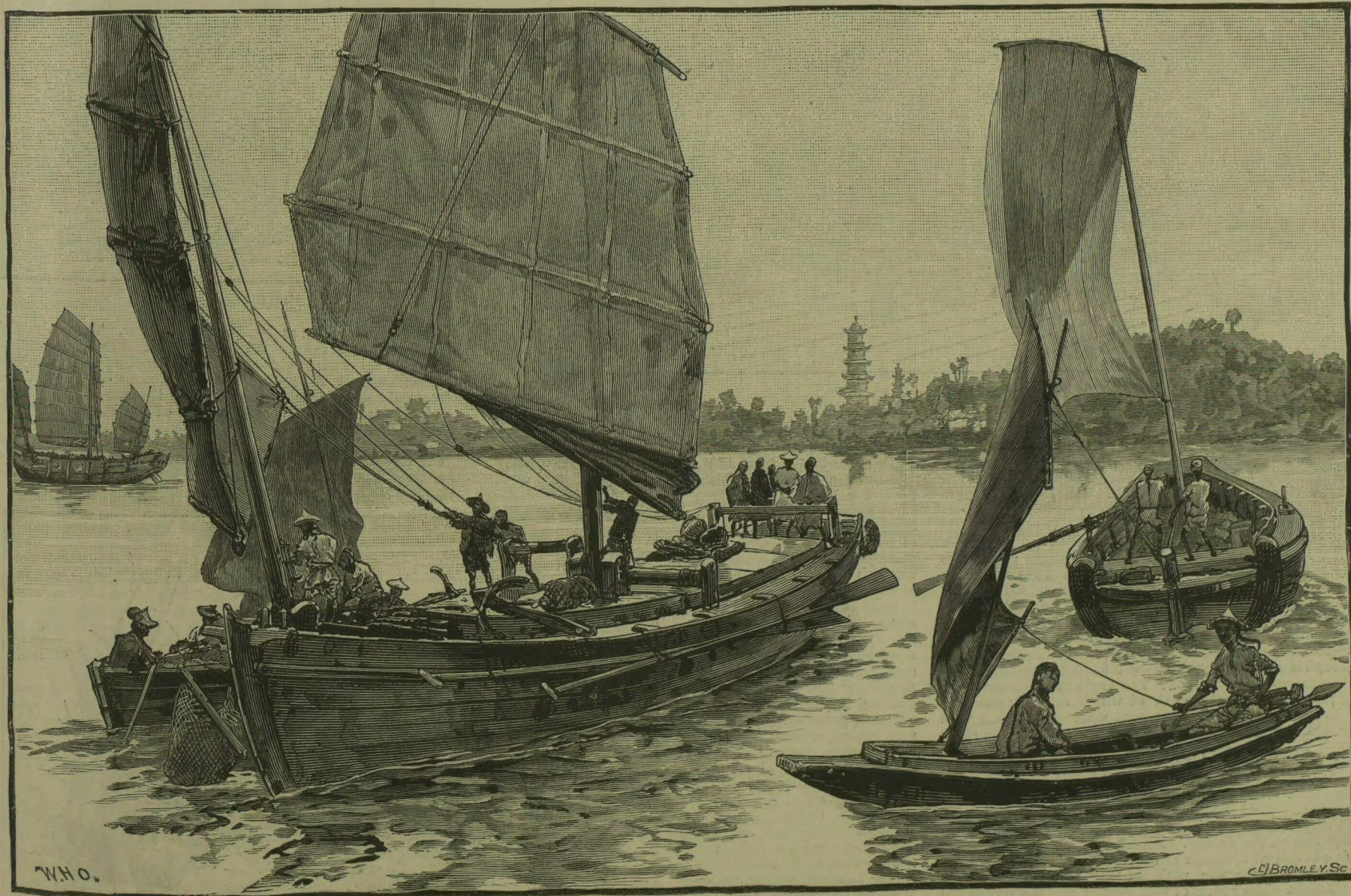


ROLLING TIMBER THROUGH JUNGLE TO RIVER, STRAITS SETTLEMENTS COURT.

of the Colony, or upon the case of superb white and pink coral and mother-of-pearl shells lent by Mrs. Bethell, compared with the engrossing case of auriferous specimens from the new gold-fields of Western Australia. The gold quartz nugget weighing 28 oz. 6 dwt., and valued at £100, and the nugget of 19 oz. 1½ dwt., together with the glasses of gleaming alluvial gold, all from Kimberley, impart zest to the statement that the Government has expended £10,000 in surveying the district, and to the seasonable information on the point supplied by Mr. Hardman, the Colonial Geologist. Mr. Hardman says:—"I am glad to be able to report that I have discovered a large area of country which, I believe, will prove to be auriferous to a payable degree. This country is traversed by the Margaret, Elvire, Pantan, and Ord rivers, and comprises an area of at least 2000 square miles, so far as observed; but it doubtless continues over a much greater extent of country. The formation is principally Lower Silurian slate and schist of various kinds, traversed by an enormous number of quartz reefs. The quartz constituting these reefs is of a very promising character. It is a dull yellowish and grey quartz, very cellular and nuggy, containing quantities of black and other oxides of iron, together with castes and often crystals of iron pyrites. Minute specks of gold have been noticed in a few cases; and I have very little doubt that many of these

reefs, when properly examined and tested, will prove to be auriferous. The river valleys and flats are in many places covered with deposits, sometimes very extensive, of quartz-gravel and drift. I have prospected these gravels over many miles of country, and I have rarely failed to obtain good colours of gold, in many localities of a very encouraging character. Very often good colours were obtained in every pan washed, in different trials in the same locality. I have thus found gold to be distributed over about 140 miles along the Elvire, Pantan, and Ord Rivers, &c., as well as on the Mary and Margaret Rivers, where the indications were very good, and the appearance of the country most favourable. On the whole, the indications I have met with point, as I believe, to the great probability of payable gold being obtained in this part of Kimberley, and are, I consider, sufficient to justify the expenditure, either by Government or private individuals, of a reasonable sum of money in fitting out a party to thoroughly test the country, and I should strongly recommend such an undertaking." That lodes of lead and copper yielding richly are also to be found in the colony (in the vicinity of Northampton), is proved by the mineral exhibits in another corner of the Court.

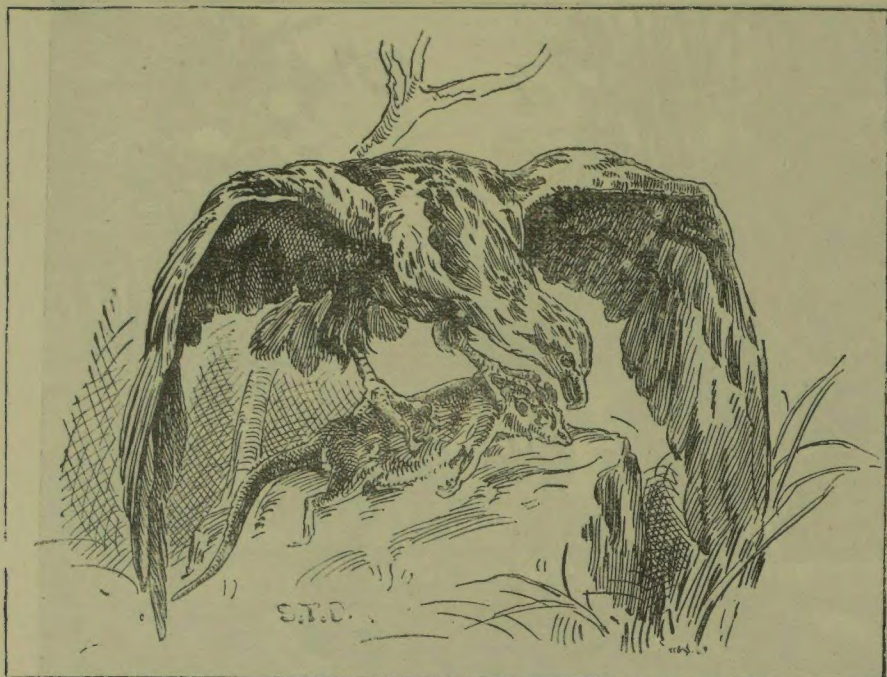
The fine trophy of native arms surmounting the strong frame of Jarrah timber on the eastern side of the West



CHINESE FISHING AND CARGO BOATS, HONG-KONG COURT.



## COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION: WESTERN AUSTRALIA.



AUSTRALIAN EAGLE SEIZING A NATIVE CAT.

Australian Court opportunely reminds any gold-enthralled visitor contemplating speedy emigration with pick, shovel, and "cradle," that there are yet aboriginals in the auriferous districts of Kimberley. A seasonable word of caution is given by Mr. Hardman to over-venturesome emigrants seized with gold-fever:—"It is not a country that can be 'rushed,' as in the old days of Victoria. The gold has at present only been found 300 miles from a port, at neither of which (in 1886) exists any large supplies of provisions, the route lying over very rough country, which will not in itself supply much food, except in the dry season, when game might be obtained. The natives are numerous, and have on many occasions shown themselves hostile. A strong party, well equipped, is absolutely necessary to do anything in these districts, not only with any chance of success, but with any reasonable safety."

A coloured Map of Western Australia over the entrance to the second division of the court opens one's eyes to the wide-spreading extent of the colony. The next object to demand investigation is the Natural History group, devised and arranged with exceptional skill by one of the most studious and intel-

with its curious wattle-like appendage under the throat, will be seen overhead, with various species of parrots, cockatoos, honey-eaters, and other small birds. At each end of the fourth front is a specimen of the Australian pelican, one pluming his feathers and the other inelegantly holding a meal of fish in his capacious pouch. Pelicans are very numerous on some portions of the West Australian coasts. The feathers of the breast are made into muffs, or utilised as indicated in the fur and feather exhibits among the cases of manufactured articles. Altogether, this artistically devised group reflects the greatest credit on the rare skill of Mr. Edward Gerrard.

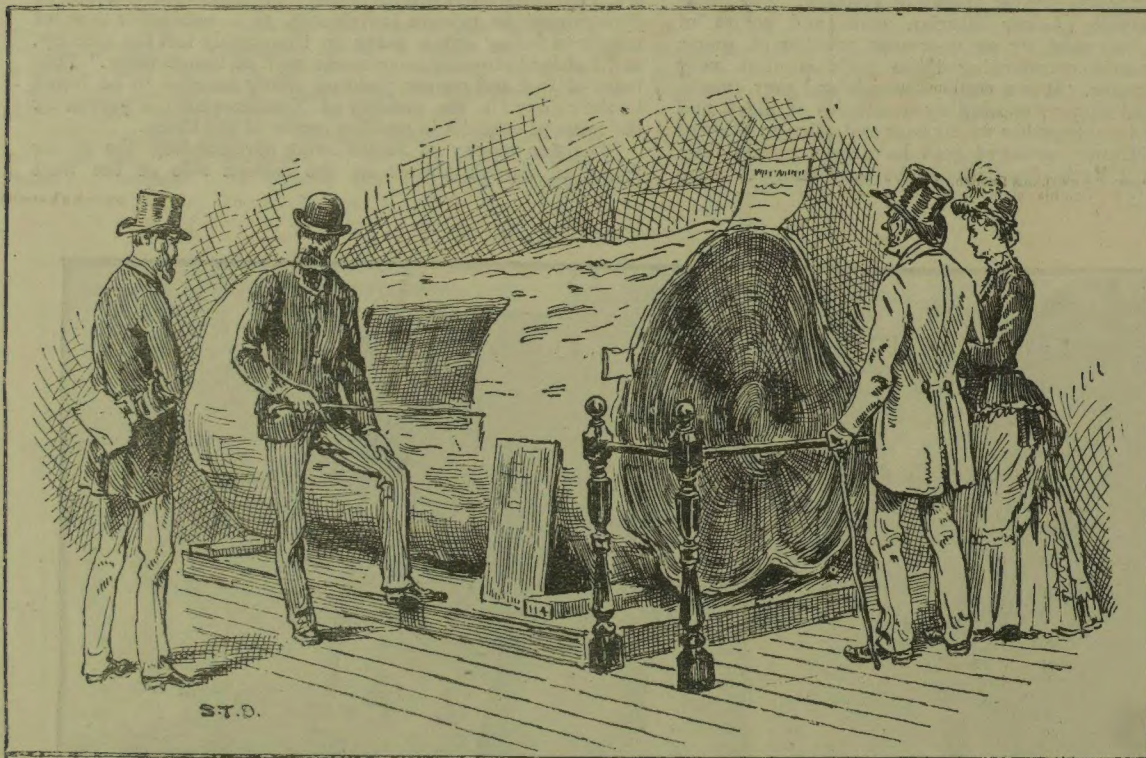


BIRDS AND KANGAROO-RATS IN MR. E. GERRARD'S NATURAL HISTORY TROPHY.

Taylor and Miss Franklyn, outside the northern screen of this well-stocked court, and by the aforesaid gigantic canvas of the Karri and Jarrah monarchs of the forest, the adaptability of which for excellent furniture is shown in the cabinets manufactured from West Australian wood by Messrs. James Shoolbred and Co.

## BRITISH NORTH BORNEO

is lucky to have so able an Executive Commissioner as Sir Rutherford Alcock, and so courteous and intelligent a Secretary



LOG OF JARRAH TREE.

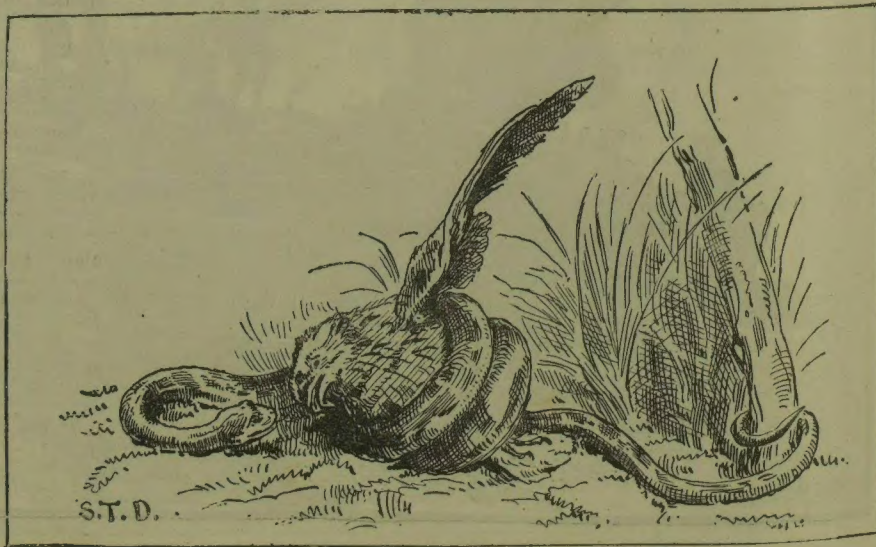
ligent of London taxidermists, Mr. Edward Gerrard, 21, College-place, N.W. This is a masterpiece, indeed. Some of the triumphs of Mr. Edward Gerrard's art are sketched among our Illustrations. One is the diamond snake strangling a large goat-sucker of the genus Podargus. It will be noted that it has killed the bird, and is about to swallow its victim. Observe on the same side of this valuable case a couple of very peculiar little "devil lizards," curiously coloured with yellow and brownish markings. Just above them are two uncommon mouse-like animals, called "Tait" and "Noolbenga" by the natives. They live in the trees, and almost entirely on honey, which they procure by thrusting their long and slender tongues into the cups of the flowers. The spotted Bower Bird is scarce in some parts of Western Australia. It builds its run on the ground in the most secluded spots, where it amuses itself by running through and through it, and fetching shells and other handy things wherewith to ornament its "beat." The eagle is represented as having just caught a native cat, of which several specimens are to be seen close by. Carnivorous marsupials, these wild cats are common in most parts of Australia; and their skins are much used for making rugs. In the centre of the case are two large kangaroos, one of which is stooping to feed; while wallabies and kangaroo-rats are either jumping or looking about. Near the front, on the ground, are two rare little animals, the banded Myrmecobius, which run on the ground very much like a squirrel, and, when alarmed, fly to any dead tree on the ground. Among the birds in the third front is a beautiful specimen of the adult Nankeen night heron, flying towards the water, with its long streamers extended from its crest. The young of this species will be recognised with its first year's feathers. Close by are several egrets, and a bittern, not unlike our English bittern. The lobated duck,

Stands of grain flank this Natural History Trophy of Mr. Gerrard, and speak eloquently of the productiveness of the central districts of West Australia, and of their capacity for sustaining a large hard-working peasant population on something far beyond the "three acres and a cow," which Mr. Jesse Collings, M.P., hopes each English Hodge will possess in time. Superb fleeces testify to the pastoral wealth of the colony, which last year boasted as many as 1,702,719 sheep, the computed value of the exported wool being £248,000. Apples, pears, apricots, nectarines, peaches, and figs, plums, mulberries, quinces, almonds, guavas, currants, gooseberries, oranges and lemons, citrons, bananas, strawberries, loquats, pomegranates, olives, melons, and grapes being among the fruits easily grown, the West Australian Court naturally contains show-cases of the wines and preserved fruits and similar products of the Colony. As for the picturesqueness of Western Australia, that is borne witness to by the vivid paintings of Mrs. Campbell-



THE BOWER BIRD.

of the Commission as Mr. Windsor Lowder. The products of British North Borneo fill but a small slice of the eastern corridor to the north of the brilliant Hong-Kong Court; but each exhibit is full of interest. It is by mere chance that this tropical colony is only represented by the large orang-outang which was shot in the back garden of Mr. Pryer, one of the chief English residents in Borneo. Pleasant to have so uncouth a monkey family, as is here embodied to the life, in one's back garden! Praise is again the due of the clever naturalist of North London, Mr. Edward Gerrard, for the



DIAMOND SNAKE STRANGLING A GOAT-SUCKER.



marvellous *crassemblance* of this huge ourang-outang and little ones "up a tree;" and also for the equally skilful grouping of birds of Borneo. Tempting to merchants as the chief products of Borneo exhibited must be, and expatiated upon with gusto as they are by beaming and zealous Mr. Lowder, who points to or handles with pride the specimens of gatta-percha, india-rubber, camphor, edible birds' nests—"worth their weight in silver to Chinese epicures"—beeswax, tobacco, sago, and "Trefang," or Bêche de Mer, another Chinese luxury—I imagine the most sought after and seductive products of all will be guano and gold. There is supposed to be a limitless supply of guano in the Gomanton Caves. With a furtive look round to see if the coast is clear, does Mr. Lowder preface the tender lifting of the precious phial containing the pure alluvial gold, sent as a sample of the yield of the Segamah River, on the east coast of the island. He conveys the information, as a valuable secret, that the whole district of Borneo from Mount Silam to Sandakan is supposed to be auriferous. Lest one should be induced by reading Captain Beeston's report, in the *British North Borneo Herald*, on the Segamah Gold-Fields to book a berth at once for Sandakan, I thank Mr. Windsor Lowder for his courtesy, and drop into

#### HONG-KONG.

Here everything has been made so bright and gay by the genial and assiduous honorary secretary of the Commission, Mr. Henry Ernest Wodehouse, that the author of a once-popular ballad would assuredly not at the present day have made his "gay cavalier" exclaim anything so utterly unreasonable of his fair one as—"She may go-o, She may go-o, She may go to Hong-Kong for me." As Mr. Wodehouse says, bringing one to a full stop in front of the model of Hong-Kong, with its incomparable harbour, Victoria, the capital of the island, has a beautiful site on the slope of the heights crowned by the lofty Victoria Peak. It has fine streets, a capital water supply, is well fortified, and its wealth is evenly distributed among the British and Chinese residents, the loyalty of the latter being testified (as Mr. Wodehouse is prompt to suggest) by the glowing silk embroidered scroll over the northern doorway of the court. This represents the relatives of a Chinese Minister paying a birthday-visit to this august personage; and it was the gift of the Chinese merchants of Hong-Kong to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales as Executive President of the Exhibition. With respect to the various glittering models of Chinese Temples on view, Mr. Wodehouse explains they are erected as show-houses during religious festivals. Volunteers will be interested to see the China Challenge Cup on show here. The urbane Honorary Secretary is most at home, evidently, in dwelling upon the maritime advantages of the spacious new docks of the Hong-Kong and Whampoa Dock Company, at Kowloon, on the Chinese mainland. On the same stand as this model are ranged the faultlessly-built and rigged miniature fleet of fishing-boats illustrating the fishing industry of Hong-Kong. Here and there are to be seen a Chinese war-junk or a cargo-boat of the kind depicted, the latter being used for loading and discharging steamers in the grand harbour. As for the brown-sailed and broad-beamed fishing-boats, they will be examined with the greater interest when it is mentioned, on the strength of an admirable official report by Mr. H. E. Wodehouse, that some years ago "the number of licensed fishing-boats in Hong-Kong was 2164. Of these, 173 were over 1000 piculs, 332 under 1000 and over 500 piculs, and 1609 under 500 and over 25 piculs. They are made chiefly at Tam-Aui, Chan-Aui, Tang-Aui, Tai-Yat-Kak, Sai-Heung, Aberdeen, Yau-Mati, &c., and their cost would range from over two thousand dollars, the price of a full-sized To-Shun, to fifty or sixty dollars, the cost of a Nai-Mang-Ting." The nets are made by women. Each boat is manned after the particular method of fishing employed on board. "Thus, a To-Shun means a dragging-boat; a Tin-Ting means a line fishing-boat; a Hin-Wan, a bag-dragging-boat; and so on." Ever full of admiring visitors, gazing with interest at pig-tailed John Chinaman or eagerly making purchases, the beautiful needlework and antimacassars made by the children in the Italian and French Convents being deservedly in request, the Hong-Kong arcade is the prettiest in the Exhibition.

#### THE STRAITS SETTLEMENTS

annexed close by is replete with exhibits exemplifying the luxuriant richness of the soil of the Islands of Singapore and Penang, Province Wellesley, Malacca, and the rest. Fishing is a great industry here as well as at Hong-Kong, fish forming, with rice, the principal article of food among the natives, and about fifteen thousand persons being employed in fishing operations, which yield twenty thousand tons of fish yearly in the markets of Singapore alone. But the court is well worthy of being reviewed in full on some other occasion. At present, attention may be called to the interesting series of photographs by Messrs. G. R. Lambert and Co., of Singapore. These are ranged along the walls, and serve to recall life in the Settlements. The view engraved delineates the mode in which trunks are rolled by the natives through the jungle on rudely improvised "sleepers" to the water. The jungle of Singapore consists of a forest of gigantic trees standing close together, save where a roadway has been cleared, as in the illustration. Beneath these are the indigenous fruit-trees and the dense undergrowth of the tropics, the whole mass being literally woven together by a net-work of creepers and parasites.

The Colonial and Indian Exhibition will be closed at ten p.m. on Saturdays, instead of eleven as hitherto, on and after to-day, the 18th inst. The Folkestone Town Council having applied to the Commissioners for a share of any exhibits left at their disposal at the close of the Exhibition, a reply was received from Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen to the effect that the Commissioners have every reason to believe that the Indian and Colonial Exhibition will be permanent.

Last Saturday being the fête-day of the Emperor of Russia, the Danish Royal family, the King and Queen of the Hellenes, the Princess of Wales, with her two daughters, and the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia, attended Divine service in the Greek Church, Copenhagen, in the morning. Afterwards they breakfasted at the Amalienborg Palace, and at night the Grand Duke left for Kiel.—The Princess of Wales with her daughters left Copenhagen on Monday on board the Royal yacht Osborne.

Prince Alexander left Sofia on Tuesday week, taking an affectionate leave of his people, who crowded each side of the way, and wept copiously at his departure. The Prince issued a farewell manifesto, in which he says that he leaves to save the country and promote its welfare. Prince Alexander and his brother arrived at Darmstadt yesterday week, and were received by their father, the brother Louis, and sister. Thence they proceeded to the palace of Prince Alexander of Hesse, where the mother of the ex-Prince of Bulgaria welcomed him. The people gave him a hearty reception. The Bulgarian National Assembly was opened on Monday at Sofia.—A Constantinople telegram says that all the Powers have replied favourably to the recent Turkish Circular, and that there will be no military occupation of Bulgaria by any of the Powers.

**BRIGHTON.**—Cheap First-Class Day Tickets London to Brighton every Week-day. From Victoria 10 a.m. Fare 12s. 6d. (including Pullman Car). Cheap Half-Guinea First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton. Every Saturday from Victoria and London Bridge, admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion. Cheap First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m. Fare, 10s.

**HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, BEXHILL, AND EASTBOURNE.**—Cheap Fast Trains every Week-day from Victoria 9.55 a.m.; London Bridge, 10 a.m., calling at Croydon; Kensington (Addison-road), 9.55 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction. Every Sunday from London Bridge, 9.30 a.m.; Victoria, 9.55 a.m.; Kensington, 9.10 a.m.; Clapham Junction, 9.30 a.m.; and East Croydon, 9.50 a.m. Special Day Return Tickets, 15s., 11s. 6d., and 9s.

**PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.**  
VIA NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, AND ROUEN.  
EXPRESS DAY SERVICE—Every Week-day as under—

	Victoria Station.	London Bridge Station.	Paris. (St. Lazare).
Sept. 20	Dep. 8.45 a.m.	Dep. 8.50 a.m.	Arr. 7.15 p.m.
" 21	" 9.30 "	" 9.35 "	" 7.40 "
" 22	" 10.30 "	" 10.45 "	" 8.15 "
" 23	" 1.0 p.m.	" 1.15 p.m.	" 11.45 "
" 24	" 9.10 a.m.	" 9.20 a.m.	" 9.15 "
" 25	" 10.5 "	" 10.10 "	" 10.5 "

NIGHT SERVICE.—Leaving Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8 p.m. every Week-day and Sunday.

FARES.—London to Paris and Back—1st Class, 2nd Class; available for Return within One Month, 42s. and 32s. respectively.

Third Class Return Tickets (by the Night Service), 32s.

A spacious and commodious Station has been constructed on the new East Quay at Newhaven, wherein Passengers will find every possible convenience and comfort.

The Normandy and Brittany, splendid Fast Paddle-steamers, accomplish the passage between Newhaven and Dieppe frequently in about 3½ hours.

A through Conductor will accompany the Passengers by the Special Day Service throughout to Paris, and vice versa.

Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

**FOR FULL PARTICULARS,** see Time Book and Handbills, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, or any other Station, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—West-End General Office, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel-buildings, Trafalgar-square; Hays' Agency, Cornhill; and Cook's Ludgate-circus Office. (By order.)

**GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.—SEASIDE.**—An Improved SERVICE OF FAST TRAINS is now running to Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Clacton-on-Sea, Walton-on-the-Naze, Harwich, Dovercourt, Aldeburgh, Felixstowe, Southwold, Hunstanton, and Cromer.

TOURIST, FOYER, and FRIDAY or SATURDAY TO TUESDAY TICKETS are issued by all Trains. For full particulars see bills.

London, September, 1886. WILLIAM BIRT, General Manager.

**MONTE CARLO.—THE ADMINISTRATION OF MONTE CARLO**, in its endeavour to diversify the brilliant and exceptional Entertainments offered to the Cosmopolitan High Life frequenting the shores of the Mediterranean, has much pleasure in announcing the close of the Winter Season 1885-6, and that during the Summer interval arrangements will be made for the renewal of the Theatrical and Opera Comique Entertainments in the ensuing Winter season, which will be sustained by artists of renowned celebrity.

The daily afternoon and evening Concerts will continue as usual during the Summer Season.

**SEA BATHING AT MONACO,** on a beautiful sandy beach, continues throughout the year.

**MONTE CARLO** is provided with the following excellent Hotels:—The Hôtel de Paris, the Grand Hotel, the Victoria Hotel, Hôtel des Anglais, Hôtel Beau Rivage, Hôtel des Princes, de Londres, et de Russie; and Furnished Villas, together with good Apartments, are numerous.

**DOVER AND OSTEND LINE.**—Accelerated Conveyance of the Travellers from London to Brussels (24 hours), to Cologne (15 hours), to Berlin (26 hours), to Vienna (36 hours), to Milan, via the St. Gothard (33 hours), and to every great city on the Continent; also to the East, via Brindisi (63 hours).

Single and Return Through Tickets at very reduced fares (50lb. of Luggage gratis).

On board of the Mails will be found Refreshments, Private Cabins, Stewardesses, &c.

Two services daily in correspondence with the International Mail and Express Trains. Direct German Carriages and Sleeping-Cars.

Agencies at London, 33, Gracechurch-street; at Dover, 3 and 18, Strand-street; at Ostend, 1, at Brussels, 99, Montagne de la Cour; at Cologne, 12, Dönhof; at Berlin Vienna, Milan, &c.

Daily Conveyance of Ordinary and Specie Parcels.

**ST. GOTHARD RAILWAY, SWITZERLAND.**—The most direct, rapid, picturesque, and delightful route to Italy. Express from Lucerne to Milan in eight hours. Excursions to the Rigi, by Mountain Railway, from Arth Station, of the Gotthard line. Through-going Sleeping-Cars from Ostend to Milan, Balaton, Carlsruhe, and Zurich. Tickets at all corresponding Railway Stations, and at Cook's and Gaze's Offices.

**COLONIAL and INDIAN EXHIBITION.**

Patron—Her Majesty the QUEEN. Executive President of the Royal Commission—His Royal Highness the Prince of WALES, K.G.

Illustration of the Products and Resources of the British Empire.

OPEN DAILY from Ten a.m. to Ten p.m. On Wednesdays open till Eleven p.m. Admission, 1s. Daily; Wednesdays, 2s. 6d. Military Bands and Illuminated Fountains and Gardens Daily, and occasional Concerts in the Royal Albert Hall.

**JEPHTHA'S VOW**, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—Three New Pictures—1. "Jephthah's Return." 2. "On the Mountains." 3. "The Martyr." NOW ON VIEW, with his celebrated "Anno Domini," "Zeuxis at Crotona," &c., at THE GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street, Ten to Six. Admission, One Shilling.

**THE VALE OF TEARS.**—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW ON VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great Pictures. Ten to Six daily. One Shilling.

**FAUST.—LYCEUM.**—Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING. FAUST EVERY NIGHT at Eight. Mephistopheles, Mr. Henry Irving; Margaret, Miss Ellen Terry. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst), open Ten till Five. Seats booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

**STRAND.**—Mr. EDWARD COMPTON.—Immense Success. EVERY EVENING, at Eight, THE RIVALS, supported by the COMPTON COMEDY COMPANY. Morning Performance of THE RIVALS, EVERY SATURDAY at 2.30. Box-office Ten till Five. Business Manager, Mr. Charles Terry.

ON MONDAY AFTERNOON, SEPT. 20, 1886, at THREE,

and on MONDAY NIGHT, SEPT. 20, 1886, at EIGHT.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

GRAND DAY AND NIGHT FETE, IN CELEBRATION of the

MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS

entering upon their TWENTY-SECOND CONSECUTIVE YEAR IN ONE CONTINUOUS SEASON

AT THIS HALL.

AN EVENT WITHOUT PARALLEL IN THE HISTORY OF

AMUSEMENTS.

AN ENTIRELY NEW AND DELIGHTFUL PROGRAMME

will be PRESENTED FOR THE FIRST TIME.

All New and Original Songs. Production of a New and intensely funny

Tom's Sketch, called

THE FLIGHT OF MERCURY.

in which that unrivalled Comedian, G. W. MOORE, will appear.

First time of a New and Startling Sensation Act of Disappearance, introduced by

Mr. G. W. Moore.

G. W. Lee, of New Jersey, and Neil Matterson, of New

South Wales, rowed from Putney to Mortlake on Monday for

£100 a side, the former winning with comparative ease.

The German Emperor began yesterday week a tour, which he is likely to find exceptionally interesting. On arriving at

Strasbourg, accompanied by the Empress and the Crown Prince, he was enthusiastically received. They were met at the rail-

way station by the King of Saxony, the Grand Duke of Baden, and other distinguished personages. They afterwards drove to

the palace of the Governor-General, amid every demonstration of loyalty and affection. On Saturday his Majesty attended

a parade of the 15th Army Corps at Strasbourg. The Empress and several members of the Imperial family attended Divine

service at the Protestant Church on Sunday. The Emperor did not appear, in order to avoid over-fatiguing himself. The

Emperor, who had quite recovered from the effects of the intense heat and exertions of the opening day, took a long drive

in an open carriage in the afternoon. After dinner his Majesty remained for some time on the balcony of the Governor-

General's Palace, and was enthusiastically cheered by the crowd which had assembled outside. On Monday morn-

ing he left Strasbourg in order to attend the manoeuvres of the Fifteenth Corps near Brumath, six or seven

miles from the city. Thence he drove to several places to witness the movements of the troops, and at half-past two

he returned to the Governor's Palace at Strasbourg. His

Majesty visited the celebrated cathedral on Tuesday morning.

At noon he received the deputations of the various corpora-

tions of Alsace-Lorraine and of the people inhabiting the

country around Strasbourg. These things were followed by a

dinner at half-past five.—Prince William of Prussia left

Berlin on Wednesday week for Brest Litvsk, on a visit to the

Czar, to whom he conveyed a cordial greeting from the

Emperor William.

#### THE COURT.

Her Majesty is quite well at Balmoral, and drives daily, being generally accompanied by Princess Beatrice. The Earl of Iddesleigh arrived at Balmoral last Saturday as the Minister in attendance on the Queen. The Hon. Eric Barrington and the Rev. Dr. Story, of Roseneath, also arrived, and, with Lord Iddesleigh, had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. Viscount Cranbrook left the castle. Divine service was conducted on Sunday morning, in the presence of the Queen and Princess Beatrice and the Royal household, by the Rev. Dr. Story. The Queen, with Princess Beatrice, drove to Birkhall, and visited the Duchess of Albany. The Earl of Iddesleigh and the Rev. Dr. Story had the honour of dining with the Queen and Royal family. On Monday the Duchess of Albany dined with the Queen; Lord Iddesleigh and the Hon. Eric Barrington being again included in the dinner party.

The Prince of Wales left Marlborough House on Monday on a visit to Mr. C. Sykes, at Brantinghamthorpe, Yorkshire. The Princess of Wales, with her daughters, left Copenhagen last Monday, on board the Osborne, for England.

The Duchess of Edinburgh's youngest daughter, Princess Beatrice, accompanied by the Hon. Mrs. Monson and General Ozeroff, has left Berlin, after a short stay in that capital.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught arrived at Malta by H.M. despatch-vessel Surprise last Saturday, and left next day in the P. and O. steamer Bengal for Bombay.

#### FOLKESTONE.

Our Artist of the "Rambling Sketches" has been most attentive to the human, personal, and social aspects of this pleasant seaside town, with its habitual promenading groups of well-dressed ladies and gentlemen; the passengers from Boulogne disembarking on the arrival of the tidal boat; the Exhibition of this year, which has been a great success; and several portraits, easy to be recognised, of well-known individuals held in just esteem at Folkestone—amongst them, of course, the present worthy Mayor. It may not be amiss to give readers unacquainted with the place some little information concerning its peculiar attractions, both natural and enhanced by modern improvements, as a resort for marine summer habitation, in which respect it bears comparison with any of the bright and cheerful towns on the Kent and Sussex coasts. Its seaward view is one of the liveliest, owing to the fact, that all the shipping which passes from the Downs to the Channel, or the other way, here approaches quite close to the shore, and the various classes of vessels can easily be inspected without the trouble of using a glass. It is so easy, too, any fine afternoon, to run across to France, a trip of less than an hour and a half—eighty minutes is the proper time—and to escape from the sense of insular confinement that seems to oppress the minds of many of our countrymen in this restless generation. Folkestone and its neighbourhood, however, to say nothing of Dover, which has its own distinct characteristics, present much that is very interesting; an old town, with historical traditions of Roman and Saxon antiquity, and its association with Hythe and Sandgate, as forming one of the Cinque Ports; a new town, which is, with the new port, virtually the creation of the South-Eastern Railway Company; and a beautiful extension along the western cliffs, affording handsome and agreeable residences to the settled inhabitants of the upper class. The country behind, for many miles round, has the charms of Kentish rural scenery, with noble downs, woods, parks, and quiet villages or sequestered hamlets, inviting to walks, rides, or drives, when one is tired of lounging by the sea.

We can recommend "English's Guide," written by Mr. S. J. Mackie, which has reached its thirteenth edition, as a trustworthy local handbook, furnished with correct maps and other illustrations. It tells how this place is situated in the central section of the line of cretaceous rocks, which, at Shakespeare's Cliff, Dover, proceeding westward, change from the white or flinty chalk to the grey chalk, and rise at Folkestone to the magnificent height of 575 ft., with a beautiful undercliff, covered with short herbage, called the Warren. In East Wear Bay there is an outer rampart of rocks formed of greensand; while geologists, like Mr. Mackie, find much to study in the fossils of the gault, and in those of the marl and gravel deposits, specimens of which he has collected for the town museum. The cliffs overlooking the sea extend nearly to Hythe, whence the line of chalk downs proceeds further westward along the north side of Romney Marsh, with the Military Canal at the foot of this commanding range. The coast between Hythe and Folkestone, including Seabrook, Shorncliffe, and Sandgate, a stretch of more than five miles, is becoming, thanks to the South-Eastern Railway, and to the series of marine esplanades and terraces and connecting roads, an almost continuous seaside promenade, with houses arising at many points of its length. Folkestone itself has gone far to join its western extremity to Sandgate, by the extension along the Lees to Clifton Gardens, Clifton Crescent, and Westbourne Gardens, and will probably not stop there. "The Lees," be it understood, are the grounds on the summit of the west cliff, from 100 ft. to 170 ft. above the sea, laid out in green-sward and broad asphalted walks, protected by an iron railing at the edge of the cliff, and bordered on the other side by good houses in successive blocks, terraces, and squares, with railed gardens. Here it is that fashionable society, London visitors, or residents at Folkestone, enjoy the fine sea air, in preference to the lower Marine Parade, which is, however, much frequented, as it leads to the commodious and attractive bathing establishment and Assembly Rooms, and to the amusements of the shore. The views from above, in clear weather, embrace the French coast about Cape Grisnez, Shakespeare's Cliff and the Admiralty Pier, at Dover, Romney Marsh to Dungeness, with several forts and martello towers, and even the Fairlight hills near Hastings, in Sussex, with a vast expanse of sea, often with a multitude of ships.

The older part of Folkestone, near the Pavilion Hotel and the harbour, affords many entertaining sights and scenes, especially at the hours when a sudden throng of travellers, on their way to or fro between London and Paris, change the railway conveyance for the steam-boat, both well managed by the South-Eastern Railway Company. It was this Company, as we have remarked, that made Folkestone what it is; the harbour, which local enterprise had tried in vain to render useful, was purchased by the South-Eastern Directors in 1842, the erection of the landing pier, to be available at low tide, was begun in 1861; and its reconstruction, doubled in length and width, of more solid materials, dates from 1881, besides the subsidiary works, the pier railway and tramways, and buildings for the accommodation of passengers, for the reception of luggage and merchandise, at the harbour station. The chairman of the company, Sir Edward Watkin, M.P. for Hythe, which Parliamentary borough includes Folkestone, is naturally regarded as a local benefactor; nor are the merits of a former chairman, Mr. Baxendale, who purchased the harbour and commenced these improvements, forgotten by the older townsfolk. We do not know what they would say to the projected Channel Tunnel, if ever it were likely to be constructed.





RAMBLING SKETCHES: FOLKESTONE.

The steam-boats now employed between Folkestone and Boulogne are vastly better than those in use twenty years ago, being vessels of nearly a thousand tons burden, with engines of 2800-horse power, having a speed of twenty miles an hour, and so commodious that the quick passage is seldom attended with serious discomfort, while the luggage, being examined and registered at the Charing-cross terminus in London, occasions no delay or trouble. Many British travellers and tourists going to the Continent, or returning home, might be reluctant to exchange the present system with its enlivening change of sea and land, for a tedious underground railway transit

of more than thirty miles, including the two approach tunnels, with no diminution, probably, of the total length of time between London and Paris, which is now reduced to eight hours and a half. The advantage, we suppose, would be found in the saving of cost for heavy goods traffic, which is quite another consideration. Summer holiday passengers, or visitors to Folkestone, have nothing to do with that, and may still enjoy the daily arrivals and departures of the fine steam-boats, with their motley crowd of travellers, whom Londoners can also see at Charing-cross or Cannon-street. We have no space left for the antiquities of Folkestone; indeed, few of its relics

of the olden time are now to be seen; the former walls and gates of the little town, with the Castle (on the site called the Bayle); and the Benedictine Priory, which superseded a nunnery founded A.D. 640, by the sainted Saxon Princess Eanswitha, are no longer extant. Roman pottery, swords, urns, and coins have been picked up abundantly; and there is a reputed Roman camp. Some old-fashioned streets and alleys near the harbour recall the notorious smuggling port of the last century: and there is "an ancient and fish-like smell," where mackerel and herring are landed, on the quays of the Stade.





A NAIAD OF THE THAMES.—DRAWN BY PERCY TARRANT.

Boating on the calm river that flows by the garden of her own home, a young lady enjoys healthful recreation, if she can manage the oar—in this case it is the punting-pole—with a delightful sense of freedom and security, having the power of an easy retreat to the shore always in her own hands. This gentle kind of locomotion, in which many fair Englishwomen attain considerable skill, is one of the most graceful and pleasing exercises, and might, if fashion allowed it, be practised as well as riding in the London parks. We do not so much recommend the punt as the light skiff. To families living in the country, and having access to a private or sequestered piece of water, the privilege of keeping a small boat, which can be rowed by one or two of the young people, is delightful for the girls as well as the boys. On many accounts, for the sake of healthy development of the

vital organs, not less than of muscle and mental self-possession, it is desirable that girls should also learn the art of swimming, as many of them now do, in their regular course of education; and this acquirement will render it tolerably safe for them to go on the water at pleasure. Women are naturally as courageous, though not so combative, as men; indeed, of all false and vulgar notions, there is none more detestable than that cowardice is a point of feminine propriety, or is the behaviour to be expected and cultivated in the sex. Are they not to be the mothers of men, and will not their sons be likely to inherit something of their disposition? But without pursuing this ethical inquiry, which may be referred to the deliberations of the Social Science Association, let the reader turn to Sir Walter Scott's charming picture of the "Lady of the Lake," as her boat came ashore on the pebbly strand of

Loch Katrine, between the Trosachs and Benvenue. Ellen Douglas, whom the poet compares to Naiad, is "a chieftain's daughter," attired in silk and satin, with a gold brooch; considerably sunburnt, however, and a girl who has never learnt to dance, and who speaks with a broad Scotch accent. Yet she is expert with a pair of oars; and when the Royal Knight, Sir James Fitz-James, gallantly undertakes to row the boat, she observes his clumsiness with "a smile suppressed and sly."

A new tricycle cab, or "three-wheeler," has passed the usual police inspection, and is now a duly licensed hackney carriage. It is said to be comfortable and roomy; and it prevents ladies' dresses from being damaged by coming in contact with muddy wheels.



THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Paris is the place for seeing beautiful and original designs in jewellery; and I think that the display now is more striking than ever. The comparative cheapness of diamonds appears to be leading to a more lavish use of the glittering stones, with the intention of keeping up the value of diamond ornaments by means of the quantity as the value of the scarcity diminishes. New devices are also being employed for adding to the number of articles that can be worn. Thus, chateaines of three rows of large diamonds are made, from which depend tiny watches, the backs of the cases being thickly encrusted with the same precious stones. Parures of diamonds look exceedingly beautiful in the form of sprays of flowers, and are made long enough to come quite from the shoulder to the bust, down the side of the opening of the square of a dress. One such ornament was in the shape of three fully opened convolvuli, accompanied by several leaves of the natural size and form of the plant; these are arranged as an elegant long spray, and the stems are tied together as though with a band and floating ends of ribbon, the whole being of diamonds of various sizes set in silver. This spray was about ten inches long. Another similar ornament imitated water-lilies, yellow Cape diamonds forming the centre of each of the flowers. Amongst the smaller *bijouterie*, the figure of the cock is the most prominent object. Parisiennes for some years past have made a practice of having an animal form in fashion for such trifles. Once it was the *cochon*; then the odious shape of the lizard; now it is the cock. He appears with open mouth crowing—be it in diamonds, in rubies, or in cut silver—as brooches, as earrings, as the centre of sets of bangles, as pendants, and as buckles for use in loose bodices and other situations in lieu of buttons. Black pearls are very fashionable, and are always mounted whole.

The hair is still almost invariably dressed high. The fashion of turning it back in front over a small pad gains favour, but is not becoming to all who adopt it. The style is suitable to women who have good, intellectual brows, without having the hair commencing to grow very far behind an imaginary straight line drawn up from the root of the nose; if the hair commences to grow much farther back than this, or if the brow be at all sloping backwards at the top, a bald appearance, and a bold one also, is given by turning the hair straight up from the forehead. A fashionable style of dressing the rest of the hair is to separate it at the back into two halves, and coil each portion high up on its own side of the head in a smooth figure of eight.

Another new fashion is "à la Jap." To construct this, you should have the front hair turned backward, but may, if preferred, have a rather long fringe, curled at the tips, but combed flatly down on to the forehead, so as to lie close, with the aid of a little pomade. The rest of the hair (with any assistance that may be needed to make a full quantity) is then combed upwards and arranged in one large perfectly smooth standing-up coil, very high, a little to the right side of the top of the head; into the open part of this coil, a big, fan-shaped tortoiseshell comb is stuck, and smaller tortoiseshell pins may project in one or two other parts of the head. A large fan, with Japanese designs, should be carried when the hair is thus dressed in the evening.

The hair is very sensitive to strain, and when it suits the appearance to have it dressed in any fashion that twists or pulls it strongly in one direction, it is eminently desirable that that style should not be constantly employed. In the mornings, for instance, a different and simpler fashion should be used, and, when convenient, the hair should be allowed to rest in that style for the entire day. Plenty of slow and careful brushing, with a brush that is not too hard, is an excellent corrective to the injurious tendencies of fixing the hair up on the top. A correspondent writes to me that the Princess of Wales, while staying at Schwalbach, wore her hair, during her afternoon walks and drives, turned under so as to form a kind of soft unpadded chignon at the back of the head. As her Royal Highness almost always wears her hair dressed high in the evenings, she no doubt adopts the other style of coiffure in the day as a matter of wisdom. Quite apart from the growth of the hair, the heat of the head caused by dressing the hair always on one part of the skull is not beneficial to health.

I have been at many different tables-d'hôte during the past few weeks on my way to that most beautiful of high Alpine resorts, Mürren, whence I now write. I come to the conclusion that it is an unfortunate circumstance that caps have gone out of fashion for elderly ladies' wear. Early in this century, a young woman put on a cap as soon as ever she married; it was as much a sign of her matronage as her wedding-ring. Perhaps that was a mistake. A blooming girl has no occasion to hide her bright young tresses. But when I think of the dozens of old ladies whom I have seen lately in public dining-rooms displaying wide partings, bald patches, faded or grizzled locks, and "switches" that did not match the scanty natural growth; and when I reflect how all these inevitable deficiencies might be rendered invisible by the wearing upon those heads of a dainty little arrangement of lace, I cannot help wishing that fashion would wisely ordain that addition to the coiffure of a certain age which would add so much to the beauty of the time of life. Caps can be very ugly, it is true; but they may be equally simple and becoming. One of the handsomest old ladies of my acquaintance—a Quakeress, a member of a noted family of Friends, but not abiding by the dress of the community—wears a cap made simply of a triangular piece of white lace, which looks very much like a pointed cuff. To two tips of this, at either end, she stitches a lace lappet, such as is worn at Court; sometimes she adds a loop or two of white or mauve ribbon as a top-knot, sometimes she wears the lace plain. The lappets fall just behind her ears, and the point of the lace, coming towards the front of the head, gives something of the effect of a Mary Stuart shape. These caps need no making-up, and are no trouble to pack; but she looks infinitely better with them than she would do with her venerable head quite bare.

The death of Miss Mary Cecil Hay removes one of the most active and industrious women of letters from the ranks. Her pen was never idle; and, though her novels were not in the first flight, by any means, yet they pleased a large circle of readers. She was one of the brightest and most sympathetic of women, with a keen, kind eye. She belonged to a family of sisters, who regarded her with tender admiration, and studied her comfort and convenience in every possible way; so that she had advantages in her daily life for her work, in the freedom from domestic cares, such as most literary men, but few literary women, enjoy. One of her little peculiarities was that she did not like to be called "Miss." She requested her friends even to address their letters simply to "Mary Cecil Hay."

The Rev. A. Styleman Herring, Vicar of St. Paul's, Clerkenwell, who is favourably known as an active worker in emigration—having aided out nearly 5000 persons to our colonies—conducted last Saturday 2010 persons connected with the humbler parts of Clerkenwell and St. Luke's, Middlesex, to the Exhibition. They were immensely pleased.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

DELTA.—We regret your letter has been overlooked. The game, which has a special interest for us, shall appear next week.

T B R (Dublin).—Thanks for your note. The matter is referred to below.

A T (Newport).—Your problem appears in this Number. You shall hear from us shortly about the photographs.

W B (Stratford).—If you will send your precise address we will communicate with you through the post.

F E P (Brighton).—The conception embodied in the problem is old, and has been adapted by many composers, but the resemblance in construction to the original is too close. Look at the problem below.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2204 received from Thomas Duncan (Cape Town); of Nos. 2205 to 2208 from J W S (Christiana); of No. 2209 from H T H, W D Wight, F E Gibbins (Tiflis), J Walker (Tiflis), G O N (Providence, U.S.A.); of 2210 from J W S (Christiana), and G O N (Providence, U.S.A.); of 2211 from W D Wight and Emile Frau; of 2212 from J A Schmucke, Emile Frau, George Gouge, and Oliver Icingla.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2213 received from Shadforth, Joseph Ashworth, L Wyman, G W Law, Richard Murphy, Jupiter Junior, C Oswald, W Biddle, L Falcon (Antwerp), H Lucas, T G (Ware), Otto Fulder (Ghent), Nerina, H Reeve, Commander W L Martin (R.N.), C E P, N S Harris, W Hillier, G Heathcote, W Heathcote, R L Southwell, E Featherstone, H Wardell, Ben Nevis, A C Hunt, J A Schmucke, W R Raillem, Rev. Windfeld Cooper, L Sharswood, E Sharswood, R Tweddell, H T H, Thomas Chown, E Casella (Paris), R H Brooks, C Darragh, S Bullen, Jack, A Tannenbaum, B R Wood, George Gouge, E Elsbury, W H D Heavey, Oliver Icingla, and Laura Graves (Shelton).

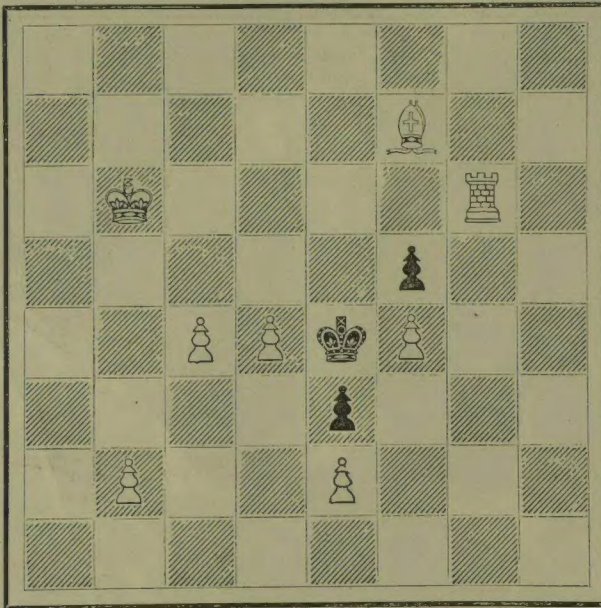
SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS.

No. 2211. WHITE. BLACK. 1. Q to Kt sq. K to Q Kt 6th. 2. Q to Q B sq. Any move. 3. Mates accordingly.

No. 2212. WHITE. BLACK. 1. Kt to K 7th. K takes B. 2. Q to Q B 8th (ch). Any move. 3. Q or Kt mates.

NOTE.—If Black play 1. P takes B; then 2. Q to K 4th; if 1. B or Kt moves, then 2. Kt to Kt 6th (ch), &c.

PROBLEM No. 2215. By A. TOWNSEND (Newport). BLACK.



WHITE. White to play, and mate in three moves.

Played recently at Simpson's Divan between Messrs. GIFFORD and BLACKBURN.

(Bishop's Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. G.) BLACK (Mr. B.)

1. P to K 4th. P to K 4th.

2. P to K B 4th. P takes P.

3. B to B 4th. P to Q Kt 4th.

The counter gambit is not considered a sound defence, but it leads, nevertheless, to highly interesting positions.

4. B takes Kt P. Q to R 5th (ch).

5. K to B sq. P to K B 4th.

This ingenious development of the defence is Mr. Blackburn's invention. In this game it appears to wrest the attack from the first player immediately.

6. Q to K 2nd. Kt to K B 3rd.

7. P takes P (dis. ch). B to K 2nd.

8. Kt to Q B 3rd. B to Kt 2nd.

9. Kt to B 3rd. Q to R 4th.

10. P to Q 3rd. Castles.

11. B to B 4th (ch).

Of course, he cannot play 11. Q takes B, because of the rejoinder 11. R to K sq; followed by 12. B takes Kt, &c.

12. B to Kt 3rd. P to Q 4th.

13. Q to K 6th (ch). B to Q 3rd.

14. Kt takes P. K to R sq.

15. Kt takes Kt. Q Kt to Q 2nd.

16. Q to K 2nd. Kt takes Kt.

17. B takes Kt. Kt to Q 4th.

An imprudent capture, as it brings Black's two Bishops to bear on the King's quarters.

17. B to Q 2nd. B takes B.

18. R to K sq. Q takes P.

19. R to K sq. Q takes P.

20. Q to K 5th.

A vain effort to exchange the Queens. 20. P to K R 4th at once seems better.

21. P to K R 4th. Q to Q 2nd.

22. Q to B 3rd. B to K 6th.

23. R to R 3rd. B to Kt 5th.

24. R to K 2nd. B takes Kt.

25. R takes B. Q takes R P.

26. R to R 3rd. P to B 6th.

A fine coup, to which White has no satisfactory answer.

27. R takes Q. P takes R (ch).

If 27. R takes B, then 27. P takes P, double check, forces a mate in a few moves.

28. K takes P. B to Q 5th (dis. ch).

29. R to K 4th. R to B 7th (ch).

30. K to K sq. R takes R (ch).

31. P takes R. B takes Q.

32. B takes B. R takes Kt P, and White resigned.

A notable addition to the literature of chess problem art is in course of preparation, and will shortly be published by Messrs. Cassell and Co., under the title of "The Chess Problem Text Book," with illustrations. The book is the joint work of Messrs. H. J. C. Andrews, E. N. Frankenstein, B. G. Laws, and C. Planck, M.A. Besides including a selection of four hundred problems and positions by the composers named, the "Text Book" will contain an illustrated essay on the art of problem construction. The latter will be a novel feature of the book, no treatise or dissertation on the subject by any recognised authority having hitherto been published in this country.

A correspondent informs us that there is a dual solution to the problem bearing the motto "A chequered existence," competing in the British Chess Association Tourney of 1885. We are inclined to think that this problem received the prize rather because it was the only four mover sent to the single problem competition than from any peculiar merit of its own.

Our old contributor, Mr. T. H. Hopwood, of Manchester, is about to issue a new edition of his "Chess Diagram and Game Recorder Combined," in books, each containing forty diagrams. It will interest players of chess by correspondence to learn that Mr. Hopwood, after consulting the Postmaster-General, has ascertained that these books, with the moves of a game recorded in the usual manuscript form, can be sent through the post to any part of the United Kingdom at the cost of one halfpenny, a saving of fifty per cent. Apart from this advantage, however, to collectors of problems, end games, and brief and brilliant games, these books are invaluable for noting the results of their reading. They can be obtained of Mr. T. H. Hopwood, 403, Oxford-road, Manchester.

The second meeting of the Irish Chess Association will be held at Queen's College, Belfast, during the week commencing the 20th inst. Among the events fixed are even and handicap tournaments, a problem-solving tourney, and exhibitions of blindfold and simultaneous play. The local honorary secretaries are Mr. William Steen, 54, Fitzroy-avenue, Belfast; and Mr. J. L. Downey, National Bank, Belfast.

Mr. F. H. Jeune, barrister, fills the vacancy in the Chancellorship of the Diocese of Durham, caused by the death of Mr. Hugh Cowie.

Under the patronage of the Queen of Italy, a national exhibition of fine arts will be opened in Venice in April, 1887, for which extraordinary preparations are being made. English artists residing in Italy can exhibit.

In London last week 2537 births and 1312 deaths were registered. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 135 and the deaths 107 below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years.

The Archduke Louis Victor of Austria, the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and the Duchess of Montpensier have just honoured the establishment of Messrs. Hancock in New Bond-street with lengthened visits.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 25, 1881) of Mr. James Little, late of Fremont, West Derby, near Liverpool, who died July 31 last, was proved on the 1st inst. by William Jones, Rudcliffe W. Smith, and William Little, three of the executors, the personal estate being sworn under £225,000. The testator leaves legacies to brothers, sisters, nephews, and nieces, and smaller bequests to cousins, to his executors, and to servants who had been long in his employ. To charitable institutions in Liverpool he leaves £5000, distributed as follows:—Royal Infirmary, £500; Northern Hospital, £500; Royal Southern Hospital, £500; Blue-Coat Hospital, £300; Seamen's Orphanage, £300; training-ship Indefatigable, £300; Infirmary for Children, £300; Asylum for Orphan Boys, £200; Asylum for Female Orphans, £200; Infant Orphan Asylum, £200; School for the Indigent Blind, £200; Home for Incurables or House of Rest, £200; Convalescent Hospital, Woolton, £100; School for the Deaf and Dumb, £100; Eye and Ear Infirmary, £100; Female Penitentiary, £100; Ladies' Charity, £100; Dental Hospital, £100; Hospital for Consumption, £100; Hospital for Cancer and Skin Diseases, £100; Central Relief Society, £100; Society for Reclaiming Unfortunate Females, £100; Mission to Seamen, Mersey Branch, £100; North Dispensary, £100; and South Dispensary, £100. All legacies are to be paid free of duty, and the residue he leaves, in equal shares, to his brothers, Thomas, John, and Robert, and to his nephew, William Little.

The will (dated Nov. 30, 1882), with a codicil (dated Dec. 7 following), of Mr. John Monckton, late of Maidstone, Kent, who died on July 23 last, was proved on the 28th ult. by Sir John Braddick Monckton and Herbert Monckton, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £102,000. The testator bequeaths legacies to his executors, brother's widow, clerks, groom, female servants, and a former servant. As to the residue of his property, he leaves ten elevenths to his children, share and share alike; and one eleventh, upon trust, for his two grandchildren, the children of his late daughter, Mrs. Cas.

The will and codicil of the late Mr. John Holdship, of No. 8, Montague-place, Montague-square, W., barrister-at-law, of Lincoln's Inn, and formerly Chalfax to the Lord Chancellor, were proved on the 27th ult. by the testator's nieces, Miss Ann Elizabeth Hesse and Miss Mary Ann Flora Hesse, and by Mr. Charles Gervaise Boxall, of Chancery-lane, the executors therein named, the personalty exceeding £42,000. The testator bequeaths his dwelling-house, furniture, plate, and valuables to his nieces, the Misses Hesse, and gives a legacy of £1000 each to the Misses Holdship, daughters of his brother, the late Mr. Registrar Holdship. The trustees are directed to set apart a fund of £20,000, and to pay the income of it to the two Misses Hesse. The remainder of the property real and personal, is divided into three equal parts, as to two of such parts to the Misses Hesse, and the remaining third part between the Misses Holdship, for life. Subject to the life interest of these ladies, the testator bequeaths a sum of £10,000 out of his pure personalty to such hospitals in Middlesex and Sussex as his executors shall in their discretion select.

The will (dated Dec. 29, 1873), with a codicil (dated May 24, 1879), of Mr. David Fraser, formerly of Maidstone-road, Rochester, and then of Paddock-terrace, Chatham, master tailor Royal Marines, but late of Southsea, outfitter, who died on May 8 last, was proved on the 18th ult. by Mrs. Sophia Fraser, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £40,000. The testator leaves £200 and all his furniture and household effects to his wife; and the residue of his real and personal estate, upon trust, for her, for life, and then for his children or issue as she shall appoint.

The will (dated Feb. 19, 1885), with a codicil (dated May 9, 1886), of Mr. William Fothergill Batho, C.E., late of No. 9, Victoria-chambers, Westminster, and of Surbiton, who died on May 16 last, at Bournemouth, was proved on the 19th ult. by John William Henry James and Stephen Alley, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to over £29,000. The testator bequeaths £500 and his jewellery and wine to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Batho; and £200 per annum, and the use of such of his furniture, plate, and effects as she shall select, during widowhood; and there are legacies to, or upon trust for, children, and for his two grandsons, the sons of his late daughter Mrs. Strettell. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for all his children, in equal shares. The benefits given to his wife and children are in addition to any already secured to them by settlement.

The will (dated June 4, 1885) of Mr. George Vesey, late of Long Ditton, Surrey, who died on June 15 last, was proved on the 6th ult. by Major Charles Cynric Wellesley Vesey and Arthur Cyril Vesey, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £14,000. The testator appoints a sum of £6000 to one of his younger sons, similar in amount to the portions already provided for his other younger children. The residue of his real and personal estate he devises, bequeaths, and appoints to his eldest son, Charles Cynric Wellesley Vesey.

The will (dated April 13, 1886) of Mr. Daniel Hill, J.P., late of No. 233, Camden-road, who died on July 12 last, was proved on the 17th ult. by Daniel Hill, Samuel Hill, and Arthur Hill, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £10,000. The only legatees under the will are testator's children.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of office of the Commissariat of Linlithgow, of Sir Robert Alexander Osborne Dalrymple, Bart., of The Binns, near Linlithgow, who died on Jan. 21 last, granted to Mrs. Elizabeth Grace Dalrymple, the executrix dative qua next of kin, was resealed in London on the 18th ult., the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland exceeding £4000.

The Royal Manchester and Liverpool Show, which was held on the Roodee, at Chester, closed last Saturday. A total of £2100 was received during the four days.

On Tuesday afternoon the marriage of Mr. Arthur Vickris Pryor, eldest son of Mr. Arthur Pryor, of Hylands, Chelmsford, Essex, with Elizabeth, Countess of Wilton, was celebrated in St. George's Church, Hanover-square.

A correspondent says that a vast amount of good has been done by the Countess of Aberdeen to better the condition of Irish women and girls. When at Dublin Castle she developed a ladies' dress goods and costume trade in the county of Meath, which would have lain dormant perhaps for years but for her especial guidance in taste, texture, colourings, and designs. The produce of the leading Irish manufactories was brought under the notice of her Majesty in the Edinburgh Exhibition, by the Countess, and the Queen was graciously pleased to accept an all-wool costume and a plaid of Irish wool—both manufactured at Navan Mills by Messrs. F. and J. Clayton. In these mills 2000 people earn a livelihood. They have acted as a most important auxiliary in giving employment to the female portion of the population in congested agricultural districts.



THE PLAYHOUSES.

The autumn dramatic season usually takes its lead from the Lyceum. When Mr. Irving is back and at work again, then it is high time to make the shop window smart and to exhibit the autumn fashions. Most of the ensuing Saturday nights have been booked for the production of new plays, to be criticised by the curious and to be freely discussed in Clubland, which is never so pleasant as in the season of the fall of the leaf, when friends return and the gleam from the first fire falls on the china and the pictures. Amongst the earliest productions will be Mr. H. Hamilton's "Harvest" at the Princess's, which ought to be good and interesting, to judge by the kind things that have been said in advance concerning the play. All who have read it or heard it read are unanimous in praise of its intrinsic cleverness and the brilliancy of the dialogue, although it is a dangerous thing to trust too much to dialogue in an age that condemns every play that does not entirely consist of action. We are always complaining of the poverty of dramatic dialogue, and when we get it there is a unanimous demand to cut it out, root and branch, and to revert to the simple process of turning a play into a pantomime. After "Harvest" comes "Dorothy" at the Gaiety, where Mr. George Edwardes is monarch of all he surveys, having lost the services and rare experience of "Genial John Hollingshead," who intends to build a new theatre of his own, with new ideas and a fresh programme. The music of "Dorothy," by Alfred Cellier, is highly praised, and it is reasonable to expect an excellent book from Mr. B. C. Stephenson, who has experience and taste—two very requisite qualities for playwriting.

The Lyceum, on the occasion of the reappearance of Henry Irving and Ellen Terry in "Faust," was crammed with foreigners, who showed the warmest interest at all they saw and heard. The American colony in London was so well represented, and the American citizens so enthusiastic in their praise, that it would not at all surprise me to learn one morning that the diplomatic and Macchiavellian manager of the Lyceum had determined to start with "Faust" and all its superb *décor* straight away for America, where he could play it for a whole year without needing to change his bill. It is, unquestionably, one of the very finest dramatic productions of our time in this important sense, that never for one moment is the beauty of the poem or the ideality of the subject crushed by the scenic splendour of its surroundings. It is an age of stage luxury, the tendency of which has been to depress the subject. It mattered little years ago whether the "Cataract of the Ganges" was spoiled or not. A trumpery play can only be improved by extravagant decoration. But Henry Irving is one of the very few artistic managers who has managed to enlarge the beauty of his poem, to increase its sympathy, to heighten imagination, and to satisfy the soul, whilst at the same time he has been lavish and prodigal in adornment. Compare, for instance, such past revivals as "Acis and Galatea," "Sardanapalus," "The Winter's Tale," "Richard the Second"—all triumphs in the Charles Kean era—with "Much Ado About Nothing" at the Lyceum. Archaeology tended to extinguish the poetry in the first case; it heightened and beautified it in the last. Or, to come nearer home, and to speak with the authority of more immediate contrast, compare the "Louis the Eleventh" and "Faust and Margaret" of Charles Kean with the same plays under Irving's direction. They were two of Charles Kean's greatest triumphs; but where do they stand when placed side by side with the Lyceum splendour and the Lyceum taste, which is so unexceptional? The frantic and, as many hold, the unreasonable admirers of Goethe, who have the effrontery to declare that they

would sooner have done without Goethe at all at the Lyceum than have subjected his immortal poem to such irreverent treatment, have been fairly beaten out of the field. Do they still obstinately hold to the same conviction in the face of the thousands who have been turned to Goethe by means of the play; of the tens of thousand copies of the original "Faust" that have been sold; of the tears that Margaret has caused to flow; of the thoughts that Irving's Mephisto have inspired? It is surely the worst kind of literary bigotry to deny the honest pleasure that this production has unquestionably caused. No man or woman of intelligence has yet seen the play without carrying home a thought from it—and a thought, mind you, that may be the seed to sow a harvest of good. The subject is painful; the bitter truth of it cuts like a knife; it leaves the imagination bruised and the heart bleeding; but it does no harm to see how women suffer and how men tempt; how, at the inspiration of an evil power, the "whispering tongues can poison truth," or to learn by such a brilliant example of genius that there is repentance, and, maybe, Heaven, to all who have not openly sold themselves body and soul to everlasting evil. A thousand sermons in a thousand churches cannot bring home to some minds the agony of sorrow depicted by Margaret bowed in humiliation before the "Mother of the pierced heart," nor can they convey so fully the promise of the cross to which the fallen woman clings when the gates of Heaven open to admit her weary soul, borne thither by an army of white-winged angels appointed to attend it to its home! The play has never been acted so well as now. At least, this may be said concerning the first performance on the return from the holidays. All took up the work freshly and seemed to enjoy it. Mephisto's scenes have all been improved by the selection of a Martha whose age does not interfere with the sense of the scenes to which she is introduced. Mrs. Chippendale plays this little part admirably—with humour, tact, discretion, and not the slightest touch of exaggeration. She enables Mr. Irving to make much more of Mephistopheles than he ever made before. His description of the death of Martha's husband is a masterpiece of quiet humour, and his face when Martha flirts with him is a study of comical and satirical expression. Like Mr. Irving, and following his laudable example, Miss Ellen Terry never wearies in adding many a charming touch and improvement to her original conception of Margaret. Take it all round, poem and picture, idyll and fantasy, it is one of the few plays that can be seen again and again with pleasure and profit.

"Sister Mary" is sure to interest large classes of playgoers. Based on a story remarkably strong and dramatic, and acted with sterling ability as regards the chief parts, the new romantic play by Mr. Wilson Barrett and Mr. Clement Scott evidently enchaind the attention of the large audience on its first performance in London at the Comedy Theatre, last Saturday night. Quite deserved, indeed, has been the success "Sister Mary" met with, not only on its production early in the year at Brighton, but throughout a long provincial tour since. "Sister Mary" is well and poetically written. Sympathy is at once enlisted in the heroine, whose mission in life is to alleviate misery and comfort the sorrowful, and whose gentle preaching has so great an influence on a young officer going swiftly to ruin that he immediately abandons intemperance, wins the V.C. in Zululand, and returns to England to win the heart and hand of Mary Lisle, the "better angel" in question. Captain Walter Leigh is as triumphant in love as in war. The wedding day is fixed. Here occurs the great situation.

Mary Lisle, beautiful in bridal veil and dress, is ready for church, when there arrive at the house a young woman and child whom she had befriended. From Rose Reade Mary Lisle learns, to her horror, that the man she is about to marry deserted her friend, and is the father of her child. Most impressive are the scenes in which Captain Leigh recognises his son, and vainly begs Mary Lisle to forget the past, and in which the grief-stricken bride seeks to hide her emotion in refusing to grant his prayer. Both Mary Lisle and Rose Reade become hospital nurses in the English camp facing Majuba Hill. Here Captain Leigh performs prodigies of valour to rescue Rose during an attack by the Boers. He saves the convoy; but poor Rose is shot; and the curtain falls on the promise of Mary Lisle, or "Sister Mary," to become the wife at last of Captain Leigh. The admirable acting of Miss Lingard as "Sister Mary," and of Mr. Leonard Boyne as Captain Leigh, richly merited the applause bestowed upon them. Miss Maggie Hunt was winsome as Rose Reade. In the subordinate character of Charity Binks, Miss Retta Walton was droll and lively; and the serious passages were further relieved by the old Colonel of Mr. Perceval Clark, by the two pairs of lovers impersonated by Mr. J. H. Darnley and Miss Blanche Horlock, Mr. C. Dalton and Mrs. A. M. Moore; whilst the typical sentimental old maid of Mrs. Canninge likewise added to the mirth of the evening. As Miss Lingard smilingly explained, neither Mr. Wilson Barrett nor Mr. Clement Scott could be present to answer the hearty call before the curtain. But the authors will be probably recompensed with the long and prosperous run "Sister Mary" seems destined to enjoy at the Comedy.

Mr. Charles Du Val will give his 500th representation in London of his "Odds and Ends," next Wednesday, at the Prince's Hall, Piccadilly.

Messrs. George Claussen, Walter Crane, and Holman Hunt have published the programme of a proposed National Art Exhibition.

The Duke of Portland has entertained a number of guests at Welbeck for Doncaster races this week. His Grace has run a special train daily from Worskop to Doncaster and back for the convenience of his guests.

At the instance of the Prince of Wales, the Library Committee of the London Corporation have ordered three pieces of tapestry, at a cost of £1000, to be hung in the Egyptian Hall at the Mansion House. The subjects represented will be commemorative of some prominent events in civic history.

The Royal National Eisteddfod of 1886 was on Monday inaugurated at Carnarvon, by a meeting of the London Cymmodorion Society, presided over by the Rev. J. Wynn Jones, chairman of the Eisteddfod Executive. An address upon "Race and Nationality" was given by Dr. Isambard Owen. The chief feature of Tuesday's proceedings was the great choral competition, open to the world, for a prize of £100, a gold medal, and a bâton, with a second prize of £20. The Wrexham choir, conducted by the Rev. E. Hilton Stewart, Precentor of Chester Cathedral, was the winner of the first prize; the Birkenhead Cambrian Society, conducted by Mr. D. O. Parry, being second. The performance of a choir from Sheffield was highly commended. In the evening the Lord Mayor of London attended a concert, and was subsequently entertained at a banquet by the Mayor and Corporation of Carnarvon. Thursday was what is known as the "Choir" day, when Mr. Puleston, M.P., presided. The Eisteddfod, which extended over Friday, was a great success.

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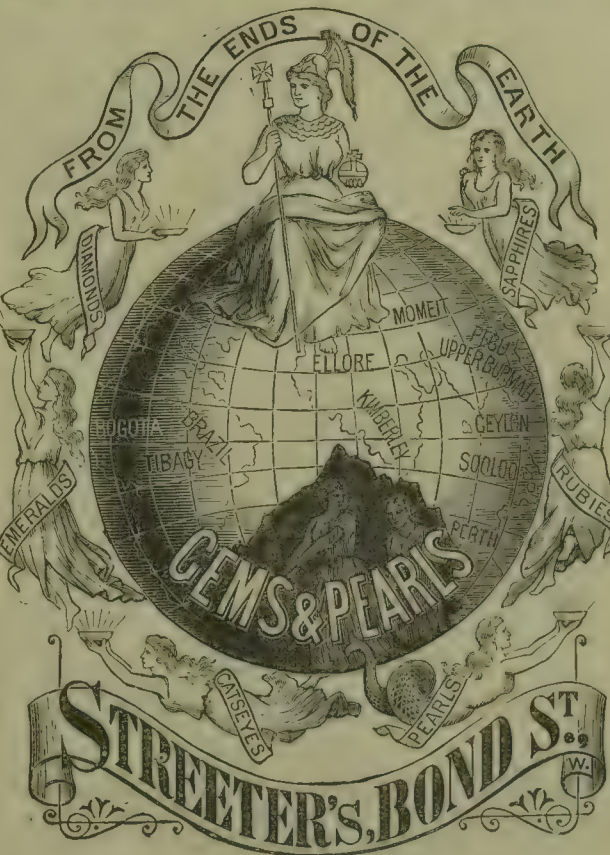
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Drawbacks & advantages of the swing table



Our engaged couple



Tom forgetting that the tide is slack jumps down to moor us to the buoy



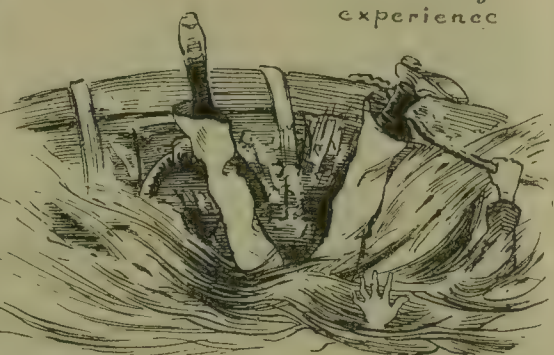
Bob's first experience of a rope ladder



And learns wisdom by experience



Becalmed. Miles away from anywhere. "Please Sir" says our steward "the Beef's gone bad, likewise the tongue & other vittels all along of the hot weather!"



E Morant Cox

## NEW VOLCANO IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

The earthquake that caused much destruction and loss of life in the southern peninsula of Greece, on the night of Friday, Aug. 27, was felt also in the south of Italy and at Malta, but there without any serious effects. It caused indeed some alarm at Naples and along the shores of the Bay. There is reason to believe that it was in some manner associated with the volcanic phenomena witnessed about the same time in different parts of the Mediterranean, of which we are enabled by a Correspondent this week to present an illustration. The instance in question was made known a fortnight ago, but we are not aware that the result of any minute examination has yet been published. It may be recollected that the

captain of the steamer Ardangorm, on arriving at Malta, reported that on Monday, Aug. 30, while passing the small isle of Galita, between the coast of Tunis and Sardinia, he noticed a volcanic eruption on the eastern and highest peak of the island, from which he was about fourteen miles distant to the north. It was then clear calm weather, about one o'clock in the afternoon. The smoke ejected at intervals from the crater resembled that which ascends from Mount Etna. We are indebted for a sketch of the view of Galita, during the eruption, to Mr. H. S. Wildeblood, of the Indian Public Works Department, who was coming home on board the Eden Hall, from Bombay to Liverpool by the Suez Canal, and passed the island within a short distance. Temporary volcanic eruptions in the small islands, some of them uninhabited, lying north and west of

Sicily, have been recorded at different times, and the whole bottom of that sea-basin, from the African to the Italian coast, seems to be liable to occasional disturbance by the subterranean forces.

A Treasury minute has been issued defining the scope of an inquiry, by Royal Commission, into the great spending departments of the State. The Commission are directed to inquire into the clerical establishments of the different offices of State in the kingdom, as to which, after obtaining full information, they will report on any improvements possible, or modifications which ought to be introduced. They will also inquire and advise as regards pensions.





VOLCANIC ERUPTION ON THE ISLAND OF GALITA, IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

## GHOORKAS PERFORMING SACRIFICE.

The troops of the Indian Army destined to reinforce the garrison of Burmah, and to put down the bands of marauders and rebels in that country, are now embarking at Calcutta for Rangoon. Among them is the 3rd Ghoorka Battalion, mustering 624 men of all ranks, commanded by Colonel E. Stedman, with Major E. B. Bishop second in command, Captain C. Pulley, wing commander, and Captain A. G. F. Browne, Lieutenant A. W. Lyster, adjutant, Lieutenant H. Rose, quartermaster, Lieutenants G. H. Loch and Battye, and Surgeon J. C. C. Smith, medical officer. This regiment, on its way to Calcutta, suffered from a slight outbreak of cholera, and was obliged to halt at Mahdapore, but was, on July 24, the date of a letter that we received, again in excellent health and good spirits, eager for active service. The Ghoorkas imagined that the disease was inflicted upon them by the malice of the goddess Kali, and considered it necessary to propitiate her by special sacrifices, as the Greeks under Agamemnon, when hindered in their Trojan expedition, thought to appease the wrath of Diana. Accordingly, the Ghoorkas collected a proper assortment of animal victims—a buffalo, a number of goats, a monkey, and a pigeon—which they decapitated with their famous "kookeries," or fighting knives, with appropriate prayers and tokens of homage to the offended deity. Captain Pulley has favoured us with a sketch of this curious scene. In the upper corner is a portrait of a Ghoorka soldier, with the names inscribed of the campaigns in which this regiment has won military renown, and with a drawing of the "kookery," the favourite weapon of that fighting race, who come from Nepaul. Their religion is that of the Hindoos, but they cultivate a special devotion to Kali. Her goddess-ship demands a human sacrifice only once in a thousand years; and then the victim must not, like Iphigenia, be a woman, nor a child, nor an aged man, nor

a sick, maimed, or blind person, nor one who is desperately wicked. Nor may a Prince, or a Brahmin, or one of the military caste who has conquered in battle, be slain for a sacrifice, according to the "Kalika Purana," which minutely prescribes the ceremonial rites of slaughter.

Messrs. Cassell and Company have issued the first part of a publication entitled "Cities of the World," which is to be completed in about thirty parts. It will be profusely illustrated, and, judging from the first part, will prove a most interesting and useful work.

A good illustration of two great difficulties which stand in the way of perfectly satisfactory translation is supplied by *The Lady with the Garnets*; by E. Marlitt, translated by Baroness Langenau (Elliot Stock), which seems to have been done into English by a lady to whom the language of the original is probably more familiar than the other. And so it nearly always happens. You may, of course, have a translator who knows no language at all to anything like a masterly extent; but the general rule is that your translation is done either by somebody who combines a tolerably perfect knowledge of the language into which the translation is made with a more or less imperfect knowledge of the language from which the translation is to be effected and with little or no experience of the habits, manners, customs, and local colouring distinctive of the country of which the latter language is the mother-tongue, or by somebody to whom the converse applies, by somebody to whom the language of the original and the inhabitants of the country, as well as the country itself, in which that original is the mother-tongue, are as familiar as anything can be to anybody; and in both cases you obtain a similar result, a thoroughly intelligible and even very readable work, from which, however, it is easy to see that, great as is the pleasure you have received, the original author had

prepared much more for all readers capable of extracting it. In the present instance, it is probable that nobody could have been found more capable than the translator of appreciating and comprehending every letter of the original; but that capability is not accompanied by so complete a mastery of English as the circumstances required. For instance, at p. 106, "I think Aunt Eliza ought to have defended (*sic*) it"; at p. 289, "many a ghost-seer had fancied also to see"; and at p. 293, "to be true, he was weak," may serve as examples of the "foreign" English, which will astonish (and offend) the "natives." For "defended" one should evidently read "forbidden," for "fancied to see" a different expression, and for "to be true" the common phrase "to be sure." But for all this the story is attractive enough, and the local colouring enhances its attractiveness. There are some admirable characters, admirably drawn; and, though the fundamental incident may not be quite new, the manner of treating it is very fresh and effective. There is a ghost, moreover, which is always a host (with a "g" into the bargain) in itself; a ghost, too, which is caught by the long back hair and utters a shriek of mingled pain and consternation, an unintentionally humorous occurrence which relieves the tension of one's nerves. Finally, the story teaches a lesson which should be taken to heart by readers who are in a position to become widowers. Let nothing induce them to promise the exacting wife whom they are about to lose that they will never marry again; let them fence with her and beat about the bush, if they dare not bluntly refuse her request, even at the risk of disturbing her last moments; for, if they make that rash promise, ten to one they will break it; they will contract a second marriage in a moment of weakness, they will keep it secret for obvious reasons, they will be almost forced in consequence to behave, unhandsonely both to the second wife and to her children, and they may cause no end of trouble, of heartburnings, of misunderstanding, of misrepresentation, of injustice, and of legal proceedings.



A GHOORKA REGIMENT ABOUT TO START FOR BURMAH, PERFORMING HEATHEN RITES OF SACRIFICE.



NOVELS.

Involution of a very elaborate kind is a notable characteristic of the novel entitled *The Master of the Ceremonies*: by George Manville Fenn (Ward and Downey); and so skilfully has the author discharged the novelist's prime duty of awakening interest and fixing attention at the very outset that, wordy as the story undoubtedly is in parts, provocative as it is occasionally of dissent and dissatisfaction as regards probability and consistency, and chargeable as it is with a certain sameness in the abundance of incidents, nobody is likely to begin the first volume without going on—however impatiently and discontentedly—to the end of the third. Clever and pathetic the tale is; very powerfully written, too, from time to time; and the predominant gloom is relieved by many bright flashes of pleasant humour and exhilarating exhibitions of kindly human nature. On the whole, however, there is a prevalence of artificiality, a deliberate effort to pile up the agony. That artificiality is appropriate under the circumstances may be readily admitted, for the date of the romance is that of "the First Gentleman," Beau Brummell's "fat friend" (before, however, he became quite so fat), when "padding" and "making up" were the order of the day. Still, it is possible sometimes to have too much of what is appropriate, when it is not, at the same time, equally agreeable. Surely never was a poor gentleman (in all senses of the adjective) so grievously tried—in his attempts to keep up appearances without the means—as the unfortunate "master of the ceremonies"; never was angelic woman so cruelly misled, misunderstood, maligned, insulted, and "put upon," as his lovely daughter, "Claire"; never was such a despicable, little, heartless, thoughtless, selfish, mischief-making, murder-causing minx as his other daughter, the pretty, babyish "May." Here is a nice position for a "master of the ceremonies," who prides himself upon having been born and bred a "gentleman," who is the strangest mixture of snobbishness (acquired) and nobility (inborn), and whose great aim and object is to see his beautiful daughters well married and his sons well placed in life, to spend his latter days in comfort (as a pensioner of the children whom he has laboured to advance, and who will owe him this small return), and to die with the happy consciousness of never having done anything unworthy of a "master of the ceremonies and a gentleman." Here, be it repeated, is a nice position for such a man, when he finds himself tempted by dire poverty, to "borrow" (without mentioning the loan even to the unconscious lender) a few diamonds; when he consequently renders himself something more than merely suspected (even by his own beloved daughter) of a brutal murder; when he cannot clear himself without making matters equally disgraceful (as he thinks) for his family; when one of his two sons, having "taken to drink," enlists as a private soldier in the very regiment in which the other afterwards becomes an officer; when his good daughter cannot bring herself to fall in with his wishes or to do more

than just tolerate him (through the perplexity in which she struggles, what with the fifth commandment on the one hand and the sixth on the other), and gets her reputation most unjustly tainted from a variety of causes; and when, lastly, his bad daughter, the darling of his heart, the apple of his eye, is discovered to have been an adulterous little serpent (to all intents and purposes) rather than a guileless little dove. All this should whet the appetite of the ordinary reader, who may be further encouraged by the information that the diabolical Major (for the wicked man has now been promoted from the rank of Captain, hitherto generally conferred upon him by the novelists) receives two sound horse-whippings before he goes by his own hand to his own place. As for our friend "Sixty-per-cent," as the money-lender of romance is sometimes called, his hour of triumph has at last arrived: this novel contains his apotheosis; he and his wife are represented as a genial, kind-hearted, open-handed couple, in comparison with whom "the Brothers Cheeryble" were a pair of tight-fisted old curmudgeons.

There is not much substance in *Across the Garden Wall*: by the Hon. Mrs. Greene (F. V. White and Co.); but the writer has considerably confined within two volumes what some novelists would unblushingly have expanded into three. "For this relief much thanks"; and, if such a remark should seem unkind, no unkindness is meant, nothing more than an acknowledgment of the considerateness which led the writer to abstain from a course which would not have improved the story, and would have entailed upon all whose mere duty it might be to examine the work the necessity of losing time, which could ill be spared for superfluous—even if agreeable—investigation. The novel makes much ado about nothing, as most persons of the practical persuasion may think, though the romantic, sensitive, sentimental reader may hold that there was no easy way of getting over the heap of difficulties gradually accumulated through stress of circumstances, however easy it was to get over "the garden wall," until the scoundrelly Mr. Browne had the broken glass placed upon the top of it. Scarcely any reader, nevertheless, will accept without a struggle the portrait of the unsisterly sister, who is a libel upon her whole sex. Lettice, on the contrary, is charming—a very pearl of womankind; but even her conduct sometimes provokes dissent. Nor is it quite a matter of course that one should admit the probability of that exchange which is affected at the outset, when two men consider themselves bound to change names (each adopting the other's patronymic). Early detection appears to be inevitable, should anybody exhibit any common-sense, ordinary acumen, and justifiable curiosity; but, on the other hand, unless everybody remains as blind as a bat (or is hushed by the novelist to silence), there is no proceeding with the tale. There are some very pretty scenes; there is no striking originality about the conception, nothing remarkable in the literary composition (for mal-treatment of grammatical rules is common enough in all novels); some of the characters are

very irritating; and so, what with genuine interest and what with a spiteful desire of finding one's irritation allayed at the end by misfortunes befalling the irritant personages, a perusal of the two volumes is accomplished with as much satisfaction as a generation of pessimists can expect.

"Love not" was the excellent advice conveyed with much iteration in a popular song of our (now very remote) youth, written (if memory may be trusted) by the Hon. Mrs. Norton, whose soundness of judgment (in that particular premonition, may be inferred from the catastrophe which occurs at the end of *The Willow-Garth*: by William M. Hardinge (Richard Bentley and Son), to the hero and heroine from neglect of the little precaution recommended by the late Hon. Mrs. Norton. That the hero has the best of it will probably be the opinion of about nine readers and a half out of ten. As for the heroine, they will mentally consign her to Bath, or to Coventry, or to Halifax; they will bid her go and enjoy the rest of her life, if she can, haunted by the memory of a scene more distressing almost than that which must have tormented the infamous Tullia—sometimes—in her dreams. The example of the heroine should be enough to make all honest men determine to keep their hearts to themselves for the future, or bestow them upon common-place creatures without an idea beyond roast beef and Yorkshire pudding. As to the lovely being equal to Venus in beauty, who is so winningly and unconventionally romantic, who is the very quintessence of passion, who is so exquisitely refined and accomplished, who is so shyly bold and so boldly shy, who writes such graceful and tantalising letters; who appears to be open as the day and confiding as a child—let no such woman be trusted. She has music in her soul and at her fingers' ends; but her thoughts are, nevertheless, as dark as Erebus. Love not, be it repeated; and yet the advice is absurd, for nobody can tell you how you can help it, any more than you can help hungering and thirsting, and even breathing. The author has done a daring deed, and has done it well; he has drawn a very original, fascinating, interesting, elegant portrait, and, if he has marred it by one audacious stroke, one dab of hideous colour, at the finish, it is by no means certain that he has not been quite true to life. That the sentimental young ladies who will read all his story but the close with delight may desire to have him tarred and feathered is not by any means improbable; but that is his affair. He seems to belong to what may be called the polyglot category of novelists; and his attention, therefore, should be drawn to p. 85 of the second volume, where he will no doubt be surprised to find that he has allowed "Ton amitié fait non (sic) joie" to escape correction. A King might once upon a time venture to alter a French gender; but now the liberty is not permitted even to the novelist.

A terrible panic occurred in the church of the Franciscan Friars at Radna, in Hungary, on Sunday, in consequence of a wax taper having set fire to an altar-cover. In the rush which ensued, fifteen persons were crushed to death, and 130 injured.

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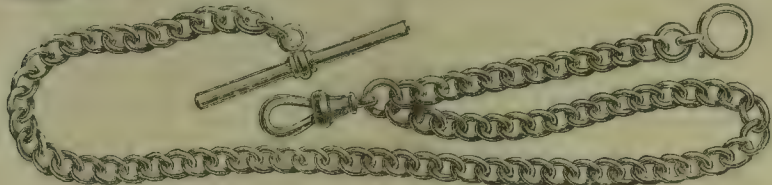
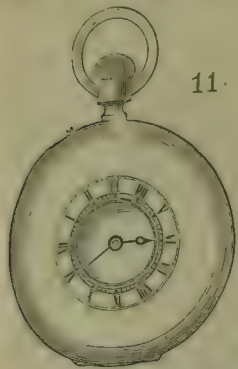
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Jack was so astonished that, for a moment, he made no reply. Then he sprang upon the fellow, and caught him by the throat.

"THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN." By WALTER BESANT.



## THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN.

By WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN," "DOROTHY FORSTER"  
"THE REVOLT OF MAN," "CHILDREN OF GIBSON," ETC.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## IN BUTCHER-ROW.

"Aaron," Mr. Westmoreland said, "is a cruel and revengeful man."

Afterwards I remembered these words. For my own part I did not understand this judgment, though I had known Aaron all my life, first as a great hulking boy, and then as the strongest and biggest man in Deptford. On what grounds did Mr. Westmoreland consider him cruel and revengeful? The judgments of weak and timid men, like those of women, are shrewd, and often true. Yet Aaron had done nothing, so far as the world knew, on account of which he could be called cruel and revengeful. Masterful and headstrong he was, and the world accounted him a brave man, but not revengeful. The present moment, however, was likely to bring out whatever evil passions lay in his soul, for he had been publicly humiliated and brought to shame by the man who had taken from him the woman he loved; and when he met his friends in the street they seemed to be laughing in their sleeves at him. Therefore, Aaron conceived an act of revenge which was as audacious as it was villainous. If he was revengeful, it must be admitted that he was also bold.

He first showed his teeth on the Monday morning after the fight at Horn Fair. Bess was engaged in making a beef-steak pudding for dinner, her sleeves rolled up, singing over her work. Her father sat at his desk before the window bent over his work, with round spectacles on nose, undisturbed by his daughter's singing. A sudden diminution of the light caused both to look up. Aaron Fletcher's great body was blocking up the doorway.

"Bess," he said, roughly, "come out to me."

"Good-morning, Aaron," said Mr. Westmoreland. "The weather still holds up, and keeps fine for the season."

"Come out, Bess," he repeated, taking no notice of her father.

"What do you want to say to me, Aaron? If it is the old thing—"

"No; it is not the old thing. Come out, I say."

She obeyed, rolling her apron over her bare arms, and came out into the street; her father looking after her, apprehensive of mischief.

"Well, Aaron?"

He looked upon her with love in his eyes, had she been able to perceive it, and to be moved by such a gaze. But she had no pity for him, and no feeling.

"It is not the old story, Bess," he said. "As for that, I've had my answer. What I came to say was this. I asked a simple question—twenty times I asked that question. 'Twas not only by reason of thy good looks, Bess, though they go for something. 'Twas because, of all the Deptford girls, there there was none so quiet and so steady. Well, the time has come when no honest man will ask thee that question again."

"Have a care, Aaron," she replied, with flaming cheek, because she knew what he meant very well. "Have a care, Aaron. You'd best."

"Bess, it is because I love thee still that I came to say this. No one else will say it, though they may all think it. You were with him at the Fair all the evening. It was not till high upon midnight that he brought thee home. Is that an hour for a respectable girl? You meet him secretly at the apothecary's every day. Therefore, I say again—Bess—beware."

"Oh! If I were to tell him," she began, "if I were only to tell him what you have dared to say!"

"Nay . . . tell him all. I care not a brass button. Tell him I said he is fooling thee. I will tell him that to his face. What care I for any Lieutenant of them all? He to marry! Why, he has got nothing. He is fooling thee. Mischief will come of it, Bess. Thou art too low for him, and yet too high."

"Thank you for your pains," she replied. "As for me, I can take care of myself, even if all the world should take to spying through keyholes. As for trusting myself with the Lieutenant, I think I am safer with him than with a smuggler—yes, a mere tarpaulin smuggler. You can go, Aaron. 'Tis a fine morning for a run down the river, and I daresay a sail across the Channel will do you good, and cure the headache from last Friday's cudgelling. But take care, Aaron. Some day, perhaps, we may see thee, if thou art not prudent, dangling in chains over there"—she pointed to the Isle of Dogs, where there were then hanging on the gibbets three poor wretches—"or walking after a cart-tail with the whip across your shoulders; or, maybe, marched aboard ship in handcuffs for the plantations. Get thee gone, meddler!"

"I have said what I came to say. As for thy fine lover, Bess, he crows now, but it will be my turn next, and that when he little looks for it. He has not yet done with me."

She laughed scornfully, and returned to her pudding, tossing her head, and murmuring with wrath that bubbled and boiled over into broken words, inasmuch that her father trembled.

As for Aaron, he stood still for a moment, looking wistfully after the girl. I think he bore no malice on account of the joy with which she witnessed his downfall—nay, I verily believe that this morning he meant the best for her, and only mistrusted the Lieutenant. Then he turned and walked slowly towards the town.

Everybody knows that there are streets in Deptford where honest and sober people would not willingly be seen. They are the resort of the vile creatures which infest every seaport town, and rob the sailor of his money. Barnes-alley, French-fields, and the Stowage are full of these people, the best of whom are oyster wenches, ballad-singers, and traders in smuggled goods. The houses are chiefly of wood, black with dirt; every other door hangs out the chequers as a sign of what is sold within. Here and there may be seen the lattice of the baker or the pole of the barber. The men in these streets wear for the most part fur caps, with grey woollen stockings, and speckled breeches. Their shoes are tied with scarlet tape, and they are never without a cudgel. The women have flat caps, blue aprons, and dragged petticoats. The talk of the people corresponds to their appearance. One of these streets is called Butcher's-row. In the midst of it, on the north side, stands a house superior to the rest, having an upper storey, and a sign carved in wood over the door—that of the "Hope and Anchor." There is a broad staircase within, also rich with wood carving, and a room wainscotted with dark oak, where those sit who drink something better than the common twopenny.

Every tavern hath its own class of frequenters: those who use the Hope and Anchor are the men whom Custom House officers, the clerks of the Navy Offices, and police magistrates agree in regarding with suspicion. They are, for instance, men who have dealings with smugglers, yet never venture their skins across the Channel; men who traffic in sailors'

tickets, and defraud sailors' wives of their pay; men who sell ship-stores of all kinds, and are modestly reluctant to show where they got them; men who buy up, before the Navy Office is ready to pay, sailors' prize-money; those who live by finding recruits for the East India Company's service, and keep crimps' houses, where, according to common report, murder is as common as drunkenness and theft.

Into that house, therefore, Aaron walked, and, without any questions, for he knew the place, made his way into the parlour, where was sitting a man who, to judge by his friendly greeting, expected him. He was in an arm-chair before the fireplace, where, though it was a sunny day and warm for the season, a great coal fire was burning. He was provided with a tankard of small ale and a pipe of tobacco, though it was still the forenoon, when industrious men have not begun to think of tobacco. In appearance he was about fifty years of age; his cheeks were purple and his eyes were fiery; his neck was swollen; as for his nose, it was battered in the bridge, so that the original shape of it could no longer be guessed. And there was a deep red scar across his cheek, which might be a glorious proof of valour in some great action, and might also be a mark by which to remember some midnight brawl. He wore a scratch wig and a brown coat with metal buttons, worsted stockings, and a muffler about his neck.

This man was a familiar figure in Deptford, whither he came by boat once a month or so for the transaction of business. The nature of his business was not known for certain, and there were different reports. It was whispered that he stood in with Aaron Fletcher, receiving and selling for him those cargoes of his which he brought across the Channel and landed on the coast of Essex; by others it was said that he ventured on his own account; and again, it was reported that he was a Government spy, who ought to have his ears sliced; and by others that he procured information for the Navy Office when there was going to be a press, and therefore, if justice was done, should be carbonadoed. All this might have been true. What everyone could observe with his own eyes was—that he bought, and paid a good price for, all those things which sailors bring with them from foreign ports, such as embroidered cloths, brass pots, figures in china, silver ornaments and idols, or even living creatures, as hyenas, wolves, monkeys, parrots, man-geese, lemurs, and the like. He was liberal with his money, and generous in the matter of drink; yet he was not regarded with friendly eyes, perhaps on account of that suspicion regarding the Navy Office and the press. As for his name, it was Jonathan Rayment.

He nodded his head when Aaron appeared at the door, and, lifting the tankard, drank to him in silence.

"How goes business?" asked Aaron.

"Business," Mr. Rayment replied, mournfully, "was never worse. Honest merchants are undone. My next ship sails in a week, and as yet I have but a poor half dozen in the place."

"That is bad."

"And a sorry lot they are. One is a young parson who hath spent his all, and, in despair, took one night to the road, and now thinks the hue and cry is out after him. Another is a 'prentice who hath robbed his master's till, and will be hanged if he is caught, and yet snivels all day because he fears the Great Mogul's black Spahis almost more than he fears the gallows; one hath deserted twenty-one times from the Army, twice from the Navy, and once from the Marines, but a dissolute fellow, and rotten with disease and drink; the wind whistles through his bones. Yet he would rather cross the seas and fight for the Honourable Company than be taken and receive the five hundred lashes which are waiting for him. He might as well die that way as by disease, for he will certainly drop to pieces before he reaches Calcutta. Another is a lawyer's clerk who, I believe, hath forged his master's name—a rogue who will fight, though small of stature. Another is a footpad, for whose apprehension ten guineas reward is offered, and so mean and chicken-hearted a rascal that I must e'en give up the fellow and content myself with the reward. Sure I am that the first smell of powder will kill him. A sorry lot, indeed. Well, if the war continues, I am ruined. For every lusty fellow can now find employment, either in a regiment or on board a ship, and there will soon be no debtors or footpads. Alas! Aaron, I remember, not so long ago, when the peace was proclaimed, and the regiments disbanded, and the ships paid off. Then we had for nothing our choice of the best. Rogues are cheap when 'tis their only choice between the gallows and the Company."

The meaning of all this was that the respectable Mr. Rayment was nothing more or less than a crimp by trade: one, that is, who seeks out and deludes, inveigles, or persuades recruits for the service of the East India Company, whether for their land or sea service, keeping them snug in the house till the ship sails. As regards their navy, the Company hath, I have been told, a fleet of a hundred ships afloat, to man which is difficult, and requires the service of many such men as Mr. Rayment, whose methods are, as is well known, to decoy or persuade young men, and especially young men who are friendless or in trouble, through some folly or crime, into their houses, and there keep them, whether they will or no, by violence if necessary, but more often by keeping them continually drunk, so that they know not what they have undertaken, or what papers they have signed, until the time comes when they can be put aboard. As for the service of the Company, the young gentlemen who are sent out by the Honourable Council to Calcutta or Madras as writers or clerks, do frequently, as everybody knows, arrive at great riches, and come home nabobs. But I never yet heard that any of the poor fellows who have been decoyed into the crimps' houses, and shipped on board an East Indiaman for foreign service in the Company, have ever returned at all, rich or poor.

Between Aaron and this man there was some understanding or partnership, but of what nature, or to what extent, I have not learned. Rayment had a shop in Leman-street (quite apart from the houses in which he kept his recruits), where he sold many things besides the curiosities which he bought of the sailors in Wapping and Poplar, as well as at Deptford. Perhaps he disposed of Aaron's cargoes for him after a run. Perhaps he arranged, with Aaron's help, for the passage of those gentlemen, whether Jacobites or Frenchmen, who are anxious to get backwards and forwards between England and France without the observation or the knowledge of the Government of either country. There is abundant occupation for such gentry as Mr. Rayment, whose end is often what rogues call a dance in the air. And just as Aaron had his boat-building yard, which is a most innocent and harmless business, so Mr. Rayment had his innocent shop in Leman-street, and was to outward seeming an honest citizen, who went forth from his shop to church on Sunday morning dressed in black cloth, white silk stockings, and japanned shoes, with a newly-curled and powdered wig, like the best of them, and was permitted to exchange the time of day and the compliments of the season with gentlemen of reputation and known piety. Thus may villains walk unsuspected among honest men.

"Well," said Aaron, "I daresay you will not starve. What do you say now to a tall recruit?"

"What do you want for him, Aaron?"

"You shall have him for nothing."

Mr. Rayment looked suspicious, as one that feareth the gifts of his friends, and shook his head.

"For nothing, Aaron? What do you want me to do for you, then?"

"Nothing. I will give you a tall and lusty recruit. That is plain, is it not?"

"The door is shut, Aaron. Tell me what you mean."

"Give me the men to take him, and he is yours."

"To take him?" Mr. Rayment leaned forward and whispered. "Is he not a willing recruit, then? I love a fellow who is in trouble, and desires to be put into a place of safety."

"I don't know about his willingness," said Aaron, grimly.

"If he is not willing, is he a fellow to be persuaded easily? As far as a skilful punch is concerned, I care not about the expense, so long as I get a lusty fellow."

"He is in no trouble, and he is not willing. It will take half a dozen men to carry him along, and a week's starvation to make him even pretend to be willing."

"'Tis dangerous, Aaron. I like not this kidnapping work. We crimps have got a bad name, though everyone knows my own honesty. Yet we must not openly rival the Press."

"Why, you have done it hundreds of times."

"Ay, for the picking up of a starving rustic, or a drunken sailor, or a disbanded soldier, and swearing, when they are sober again, that they have enlisted: that is neither here nor there. And it is for the good of the poor fellows. Their pay is regular, and the climate considered by some to be wholesome. It is playing the part of Providence to help the poor men with the service of the East India Company."

"No doubt," said Aaron.

"Give me your recruit who comes red-handed, the runners after him, and asks for nothing but to be shipped safe out of the country as soon as possible. I care not how many rogueries he hath committed. Give me your lusty villain, who hath stolen his master's horse; or the gallant who hath squandered all his stock. These give no trouble. But with pressed and kidnapped men it is different."

"I doubt if you could persuade this fellow," said Aaron, "not if you made him drink a cask of brandy."

"We have had misfortunes, too," Mr. Rayment continued. "Only last May there was brought to my house as sweet a country lad as you would desire to see. He was in trouble about a girl, and desired to serve the King. Well, in the morning, when he got sober and learned that he was enlisted in the service of the Company, he behaved shamefully. Nothing would do but he must go free or fight for it. So my honest fellows tried persuasion, and in the end there were collarbones and ribs broken, and that country lad was carried out and laid upon Whitechapel Mount, stripped, and as dead as any gentleman can wish to be. Think of the loss it was to me."

"Well," said Aaron, "your fellows must not persuade my man this way."

"What does it mean, Aaron?"

"It is a private matter. You need not have anything to do with it. Send me half a dozen stout fellows, and you shall know nothing at all about it, except that another recruit was enlisted, who stayed at the house till the ship sailed, and was taken on board drunk and speechless. You will have nothing to do with it but to lend me your men and your house."

"I don't like it, Aaron. It may turn out bad. Has the man friends?"

"He has. Yet this his friends will never suspect."

"I don't like the job, Aaron. Kidnapping should only be practised on strangers and rustics. Is he a tradesman?"

"No. It is a private grudge, Jonathan. I will make it worth your while. I must have this man put out of the way. He is a Lieutenant in the King's Navy."

Mr. Rayment jumped from his chair.

"A King's Lieutenant! Aaron, would you hang us all?"

"Sit down, you fool. It is a safe job. Besides, you shall have nothing to do with it. Sit down, and listen."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## A DARK NIGHT'S JOB.

The evenings, towards the end of October, set in early; and when there is no moon, the nights are as dark as in midwinter. It is, therefore, a favourable season for the footpads who molest the roads outside great towns, the thieves who prowl the streets, and the highwaymen who stop the coaches. At Deptford there are neither footpads nor street-prowlers, though robbers enough, Lord knows; but they rob, for the most part, on a different plan, and within the houses. In times of peace, when a sailor cannot readily find a ship, or a disbanded Marine cannot find work, there have been known cases of robbery about Deptford and Greenwich. But in such a year as 1756, when the sailors were all too few for the King's ships, and they were continually enrolling new regiments of Marines, no one in these towns gave a thought to the dangers of footpads, and a child might have carried, by day or by night, a bag full of guineas from the dockyard gate to the bridge, without fear of molestation. Least of all would such a man as Jack Easterbrook trouble his head about robbers.

He left the Gun Tavern, where he had spent the evening with the Lieutenants and Midshipmen who used the house, at a quarter before ten or thereabouts, carrying no other weapon than his hanger, and began leisurely to walk home down Church-lane. The upper part of this road, when you have passed the church and the Trinity Almshouses, is darker than the lower part, by reason of great trees and a high hedge on either hand. Light or dark, 'twas all the same to Jack, who marched along the middle of the road, head in air, his thoughts turned on Bess, as they commonly were at this time, or else wondering how long before he should receive his promised commission. Soon it certainly would be, even though, through favouritism and lack of interest, he should, for the present, be passed over, because officers and men were growing scarce, and my Lords the Commissioners wanted all they could get. And once afloat again, with, if kind Heaven willed, a fighting Captain, there would be prizes and prize-money, and, perhaps, swift promotion. And then home again, to the arms of his dear girl. This, I take it, is the dream of every sailor; whereas, for many, instead of returning to the arms of a fond mistress, they are lowered, with a cannon-shot at their heels, into the cold ocean, or come home lopped of half their limbs, only to find their inconstant mistress in another's arms.

Now, as he was thus striding along, swinging his arms as he went, he became suddenly aware of shuffling footsteps and whispers, which betoken the presence of men lurking behind the trees; but before he had time to ask himself what this might mean, a fellow rushed out from the darkness, armed with a pistol in one hand, which he pointed at Jack's head, and a lantern in the other, which he turned, unsteadily, in the manner of one who is afraid, upon his face, crying, "Your money, or your life!"

Jack was so astonished that, for a moment, he made no reply. Then he sprang upon the fellow, and caught him by



the throat. "My money or my life! Impudent dog, I will squeeze thine own life out!" And so shook him in his grasp—thumb on breathing-pipe—as a terrier shakes a rat, so that the man dropped pistol and lantern, and would have experienced the fate of the rat in another minute but for the help of his friends. As it was, he would have cried for mercy, but he could neither cry nor breathe, so tight were the fingers at his throat. Indeed, when he was rescued, half a minute later, his face was already purple, his eyes starting from his head like a shrimp's, and his tongue swollen, so that he was fain to sit upon the ground awhile; and, for ten minutes or so, he knew not whether he were really dead and in the next world, and therefore about to reap the reward of his many villainies, or whether he were still living and ready, for his greater damnation, to swell that long list.

When the light of the lantern fell upon Jack's face, there followed a sharp short whistle; and, upon that signal, half-a-dozen lusty fellows sprang upon him at the same moment from both sides of the road. He had no time to draw his sword or to make any resistance of any kind; for one of them fetched him from behind, while the others threatened him in front, so foul a stroke with an oaken cudgel that he fell like a log, and without a word, senseless upon the ground, dragging with him the man whom he held by the throat.

Then the men all crowded over him ready with their cudgels, and as courageous as you please, their man being down. But it is of no use to cudgel a senseless man.

They were joined by another man—it was Aaron—a tall fellow, truly. He seemed like a giant among these ruffians, who, after the kind of riverside villains, were short of stature, though stout. This man stood over the fallen Lieutenant and looked upon the prostrate body with eyes of satisfaction.

"He fell at once," said Aaron, as if dissatisfied. "I looked for more fighting. I thought there would be much more fighting. I hoped to see him do his best before he was overpowered. Show a light here." One of them—not the first villain, who was now sitting on the ground slowly getting his breath and still wondering whether he was dead or not—held the lantern before Jack's face. The eyes were closed and his cheek white.

"Mester," said the man, "I doubt the gentleman is killed outright. This is a bad job for all of us."

"Killed! Saw ever one a man killed by a stroke of a cudgel? I wish he was killed. I wish he was dead and buried. Yet he shall never say that I caused him to be killed. Such a man as this does not die of a cracked skull. Show the light again."

This time he looked more carefully. The Lieutenant was in a dead swoon, just as Aaron himself had fallen into at Horn Larr, but it was a far shrewder knock and a deeper faint. Aaron raised an eyelid, but there was no sign of life or any shrinking from the light. And now he saw that blood was flowing from the wound.

"He will lie quiet for a while yet. Well, men, here is your new recruit."

The men looked at each other, and murmured that with King's officers—for now they saw the uniform by the light of the lantern—they would not meddle.

"Not meddle, ye villains?" cried Aaron; "why, you have meddled with him already, and have well-nigh murdered him, and will very likely hang, every mother's son, for this night's job. Wherefore, take him up and carry him away; 'tis your only chance to save your own necks. Get him across the river with all dispatch, and snug indoors."

The men hesitated. "One of them murmured, with an oath, that they would not hang alone."

"When he comes to his senses," Aaron continued, taking no notice of this threat, "tell him that at the least movement you will brain him. But you are not to brain him, remember, or your master will lose the very best recruit he ever had, and will cause you all to swing. What? There is enough against you for every man to swing." This assurance was made more emphatic by the language which this sort most readily understood. Still the men hesitated. The King's uniform frightened them. They had often enough kidnapped a poor drunken sailor, but never before a Lieutenant. Then Aaron swore at them, and stamped his foot upon the ground.

"Quick, I say. What? You dare to argue? Take him up. So. Cover him with a jacket to hide his white stockings and breeches, though the night is dark. That will do—now—with a will."

They took him up, the whole six sullenly lending a hand, and carried him as men carry a drunken man.

"Carry him to the Stairs, and row him across the river as quickly as you may. Bestow him in the upper room at the back, where you keep the chains and the bars for your unruly recruits. Watch him by day and night. He will try to escape, that is certain; as soon as he recovers consciousness he will try to escape. Let him understand that he will be knocked on the head if he makes the attempt. And, remember, he is a match for any three of ye—ay, the whole six, I verily believe—for he is as strong as Samson. If he succeeds in escaping he will have you all in Newgate. He will drag the house down, if he can, in order to escape. You are in great danger, my friends, whatever happens. Yet I would not have him murdered. If he is not put on board alive, there will be a warrant out against you for highway robbery and violence, and hanged you will be, every man. Therefore, I say, take care of him." Thus he spoke: now showing that he wished the man dead, and then warning them not to kill him. "It is but three or four days' nursing, with chains and a watch set day and night, and then you shall hocus his drink and put him on board, and shove the drunken beast down the companion to the lower deck with the recruits, and the bo's'n's rop's-end first, in case he complains; and the triangles next, in case he is stubborn and mutinous. I should like to see him tied up for three dozen. Now, march."

The men replied nothing, but slung their burden and prepared to obey.

"March, I say; and, look ye, the Press was last night out on Tower-hill, and the night before they were busy at Redriff, where there was fighting and warm work, so that the men's spirit is up and they will brook no resistance. Perhaps—I know not—they are out to-night at Deptford. If the Press should take you, carrying a King's officer unconscious and with an open wound in his head, my mates—why—you are dead men, and already little better."

The men needed no more, but marched off at the double, as they say, the thought of the Press lending wings to their heels.

"To knock down," said Aaron, when they were gone, "and to kidnap a Lieutenant in the King's Navy, and to ship him, drugged and drunk, on board an East Indiaman for a recruit, is, I should say, high treason, at the least. But none of the fellows know me and who is to prove that I gave the orders? If the Lieutenant is dead already, they will throw his body into the river. If he is not dead, most of these poor fellows will surely hang, for one or other of them is certain to turn King's evidence. Yet, if he tries to escape they will kill him, being used to murder, and thinking little of it. If they knew it, this is their best chance. If they do not kill him—what then? He goes aboard. And then? I know not."

He will be put on board in rags. No one will believe him if he calls himself an officer. I doubt if the Lieutenant will come back again to Deptford. Whether he comes back or not, they cannot charge the thing on me."

Certainly, there never yet was conceived a more diabolical plot, or one of greater impudence, than to waylay and kidnap an officer bearing his Majesty's commission, to keep him close prisoner in a crimp's house, chained and half starved, watched day and night, and then, as was intended, to thrust him down into the hold of an East Indiaman, seemingly stupid with drink (but in reality bereft of his senses by some noxious drug), and to pretend that he was a volunteer recruit. It is very well known, and matter of common notoriety, that many men have been thus kidnapped and kept prisoners and then shipped under this pretence. They are carried below, apparently drunk, and laid among the other recruits, for the most part a most desperate villainous company. Here they lie, and when they partly recover they are already out to sea, in the gloomy 'tween decks, most likely speechless with sea-sickness, among strange and horrible companions, and no one on board who will so much as listen to their story. Here was revenge, indeed, if only it could be carried out! And what was to prevent? I have never heard that a King's officer hath been thus treated, which makes it the more wonderful for Aaron to have devised so bold a scheme. Yet not so bold as it seems, because, if Jack could thus be carried on board, in rags, unwashed, unshaven, his hair about his ears, who would believe his affirmation that he was a commissioned officer? Why if such a ragamuffin told this tale to the petty officers he would be rope's-ended, and if to the First Lieutenant or to the Captain himself, he would most likely be tied up and accommodated with three dozen, or perhaps six dozen, for insubordination; for the officers of the Company are said to be ready as those of the King's service—who, Heaven knows, are never too lenient—in dealing with refractory recruits. Yet sooner or later, one would think, the thing would be discovered; though not on board the ship. Then the Lieutenant would return home and prefer his complaint, and punishment would follow. But Aaron, only an ignorant fellow, thought of nothing but revenge. There are some men to whom the most terrible punishment in the future seems as nothing compared with the gratification of present revenge.

The gang of rogues had not gone farther towards the town than St. Paul's Church, marching quickly along the middle of the road, ready at the least alarm of the press to drop their burden and to run in all directions, when they encountered another party, consisting of three negroes—one carrying a lantern—and a gentleman with a wooden leg. The negroes were, like these villains, armed with cudgels, but they also carried cutlasses.

"Halt!" cried the gentleman, who was none other than the Admiral. "Turn the lantern on these men, Cudjo."

The negro valiantly advanced and showed a light upon the party. They wore sailors' clothes—namely, slops or petticoats, short jackets, and hats turned up straight on all three sides; and their hair was long, and hung about their necks. It was, indeed, their business on the Tower Hill, and in the neighbourhood of Ratcliffe, Shadwell, and Wapping, to pretend to be honest sailors, and therefore to wear their dress.

"Why," said the Admiral, "they are sailors! Whither bound, my lads, and what are you carrying?"

"By your leave, your Honour," said one of them, "we are carrying a comrade who is too drunk to walk, and we are fearful of leaving him in the hedge-side by reason of the Press."

"Ay . . . ay . . . the Press—well—my lads, I would that the Press could take you all, and confound you for a poor lousy, chicken-hearted crew. I wish I knew where the Press is this night, that I might set them on to you. I wish my negroes were six instead of three. Go your ways. March, Cudjo."

The men made no reply, but hurried away as quickly as they could. The Admiral looked after them awhile.

"I doubt," he said, "that all was not right. They looked a plaguey cut-throat set of rascals. Perhaps 'twas not a drunken comrade after all."

Then he continued his way home in the usual marching order, but slowly, because a wooden-legged man who has twinges of gout in his remaining toes, does not walk fast. Presently, the man who held the lantern spied something in the road which glittered. He picked it up. 'Twas a gold-laced hat with the King's cockade.

"Men," said the Admiral, "this is the hat of an officer. What does this mean? Look about you, every one."

The road was quite dark, owing to the trees and the cloudy night. Presently, however, the men found a pistol in the road, and, beside it, the traces of scuffling feet and torn lace, and, worse still, plain marks of blood upon the road.

"Here," said the Admiral, "hath been wild work. Torn ruffles—a gold-laced hat—a pistol—and a gang of bloodthirsty cut-throats carrying a body with them. A drunken comrade, forsooth! And afraid of the Press; would to God the Press might take them red-handed! Whom have they murdered? For murder, surely, it is, and nothing less. Men"—he turned to his negroes—"I am wooden-legged, and cannot run. Wherefore, do you leave me here, and with what speed you may, hasten after that company, and call upon them to surrender, and, if they will not, raise the town upon them. Draw cutlasses—shoulder cutlasses—quick march—double. Run, ye black devils, as if your horny grandfather himself was after you!"

If the Admiral had ordered his negroes to jump from London Bridge or the Monument they would have done it, I am quite certain, so great was the terror with which they regarded him. Therefore, at the word, they drew their weapons, and set off running with the greatest resolution, and at a pretty brisk pace, showing all the outward signs of zeal and of courage.

Alas! negroes are in essentials all alike. No man ever yet found courage in the black African, any more than industry, patience, or honesty, unless the white man was behind him with Father Stick, for encouragement.

The night was dark. Nothing more daunts a negro than darkness, because to him the night is peopled—especially when there is no white man present—with all kinds of fearful and terrible creatures; therefore, in their running, they presently began to feel the gloomy influence of the hour, and their speed slackened gradually. Next, they were no longer young; and it would be foolish to expect of those whose wool is grey the courage which they never possessed when it was still black. Thirdly, the Admiral was out of sight and out of hearing. And, again, if the enemy refused to surrender, whom were they to alarm? What were they to say? What road were they to take? Lastly a consideration which weighed with them above all others—what if they were, unhappily, to overtake the men? They were but three to six—and three feeble old blacks to six lusty young whites! Then might occur difficulties unforeseen by the Admiral, who naturally thought that his own crew must always gain the victory.

These doubts and difficulties suggested themselves to the brave fellows at one and the same moment—namely, the first moment when they thought their footsteps out of the Admiral's hearing. They halted and looked at each other.

"Breddren," said Snowball, "let us stop and deliberation ourselves. Where am de enemy? Fled—flown—yah! De poo' coward!—run clean out of our sight!—'fraid to face brave black man!"

"S'pose," said Cudjo, "we wait just quarter ob an hour; den go back and tell his Honour—men clean gone; run away before us, for fear ob us?"

This was agreed to. Nothing more was said, but all three sat on a doorstep and waited until they thought the quarter of an hour seemed to be passed, and so they might safely return.

Even if they had followed the party across to the Stairs, supposing they knew which direction to take, they would scarcely have overtaken them, so expeditious were the men in getting to the river and in pushing off, the bank being at this time quite deserted.

Therefore, when a reasonable time had elapsed, the valiant negroes began to return slowly, but still brandishing their cutlasses; arrived within five minutes of the house, they broke into a quick trot, so that they reached the doors in a panting and breathless condition, as happens to those who very earnestly and zealously carry out instructions.

They reported that at the bottom of Church-lane they came upon the enemy, and called upon him to surrender at discretion or take the terrible consequences. The enemy chose the latter, and retreated rapidly. In other words, they all vanished, but whether down Butcher-row or in the direction of Rogue-lane, which leads into the open fields, south of Rotherhithe, they could not tell, and, in the darkness and uncertainty, they thought it best to return for further orders.

"Why," said the Admiral, "'tis a dark night truly. And if they have sailed out of sight, and we have lost them, there is no more to be said," and so put away the torn ruffles, the laced hat, and the pistol, in case they might be wanted for evidence of robbery and violence, if not of murder, and ordered the men an extra ration of rum, and so to bed. Fortunately, he had no suspicion that the hat and the ruffles belonged to Jack Easterbrook, otherwise his night's rest would have been disturbed. As for the pistol, however, that, he discovered on examination, had not been discharged.

(To be continued.)

## OUR COLOURED ILLUSTRATIONS.

The humorous fancy of artists has often diverted itself with dramatic scenes of animal life. There is an odd association of different creatures in the farmyard, where they are constrained to dwell in close neighbourhood, and may sometimes provoke or alarm each other by their contrary habits and tempers. Pigs and poultry, for example, are not unlikely to have mutual aversions and misunderstandings. The sudden apparition of a grim-looking porker, thrusting his snout through a broken wooden fence, amidst the domestic brood of pecking and clucking fowls, is calculated to disturb their sense of peaceful security. It may well be called, in the language of picture-dealers, "A Startling Effect in Oak Frame," which cannot be acceptable to the feathered customers at any price. But, if it be conscience that makes cowards of us all, it is custom that makes the cowards brave, as is proved by the training of common soldiers. The fiercest and mightiest of enemies will have his moods of slumber; and, when the terrible monster lies in deep unconsciousness, the little ones can play tricks with impunity, perhaps forgetting their late sense of danger. We have seen, in the Zoological Society's Gardens, a mouse run over a lion's tail—but the lion may have read Æsop's fable of the mouse that delivered his sylvan ancestor from the net; a rabbit, the destined victim of a bon-constrictor, leaping fearlessly between the huge folds of the serpent's length, not yet fascinated with his deadly eye; and even an unsuspecting sparrow in the falcon's cage. So when the valorous cock in the farmyard, with his attendant female train and their chickens, finds a sleepy sow, a soft mountain of flesh, reposing in digestive innocence and oblivion of worldly annoyances, there is an opportunity of quiet inspection, followed by reassuring opinions; with the noble maxim, "Let nothing you dismay." The knightly bird, who makes it a point of honour, as a small lord of creation, to persuade his family that they are safe under his protection, springs to the summit of the heaving mass, the breathing body of that corpulent beast. "Familiarity breeds contempt"; and it is a tone of scornful derision that this gallant Chanticleer makes known to all, by a sort of political manifesto like the crowings of the Berlin Chancery, his intention to maintain international peace. For all that, we believe, pigs have occasionally been convicted of devouring chickens; though Bantams and Dorkings, Spanish and even Polish fowl, when fully grown, may be able to get out of reach.

The appointment of Mr. Robert Bourke to be Governor of the Presidency of Fort St. George at Madras, has been gazetted.

The Trades Union Congress will meet next year at Swansea. Mr. Broadhurst has been chosen Parliamentary Secretary.

Sir Henry John Selwin-Ibbetson, Bart., has been appointed Second Church Estate Commissioner, in the room of Mr. Charles Thomas Dyke Acland, resigned.

The Prince of Wales has contributed twenty guineas towards the Actors' Benevolent Fund, of which Mr. Henry Irving is president.

In consequence of ill-health, Lord De Tabley has resigned the Provincial Grand Mastership of the Freemasons of Cheshire, an office held by him for the past twenty-one years.

A Mansion House Fund for the relief of the sufferers by the earthquakes in America and Greece has been opened, and the Lord Mayor has issued an appeal for subscriptions.

The Queen has conferred the decoration of the Imperial Order of the Crown of India on Georgina, Viscountess Cross, wife of the Right Hon. Richard Assheton, Viscount Cross, G.C.B., her Majesty's Secretary of State for India.

Lord Winnarleigh, who has been vice-president of the Manchester, Liverpool, and North Lancashire Agricultural Society for fifty years, has been presented with a magnificent silver bowl by the members of that association.

The remains of Mr. Samuel Morley were interred in Abney Park Cemetery yesterday week. Notwithstanding the heavy rain, there was a large representative attendance. Sir W. Harcourt, Mr. Shaw Lefevre, and several other members of Parliament assembled at the side of the grave.

About 6000 persons visited the annual show of the Northamptonshire Agricultural Society, at Burghley Park, Stamford, on the 9th inst. There were 639 entries in the various classes. Amongst the prize-winners were Earl Spencer, the Marquis of Exeter, Lord Wantage, Mr. P. Muntz, M.P., the Marquis of Camperdown, and Lord F. Cecil.

Last month, the officers of the Fishmongers' Company seized at and near Billingsgate Market and on board boats lying off that place 153 tons 14 cwt. of fish as unfit for human food. Among the fish seized were cockles, eel, crabs, eels, dabs, haddocks (24 tons), herrings (36 tons), ling, lobsters, mackerel, mussels, oysters, periwinkles, plaice, salmon, shrimps, skate, soles, turbot, whelks, whitebait, and whiting (54 tons).





A SHOWER IN PICCADILLY.



## HOLIDAY RAMBLES.

## CONSTANTINOPLE.

Thanks to the Sultan's personal dread of cholera, we were subjected to five days' quarantine at Kavak, in the Bosphorus, before being allowed to land in the Turkish capital. The waste of time was irritating enough, it is true, but the spot where we were imprisoned on board the Austrian Lloyd boat was very charming and cool. On one side we saw Therapia and on the other the village of Kavak, with its houses and gardens dotting the green hillside and coming right down to the water's edge, like the houses of Venice. But after a couple of days even this view grew tiresome, and we welcomed the wailing cry of the *muezzin*, who appeared in the gallery of the minaret to call the faithful to prayers five times a day, for each time he wailed we calculated how near the hour of deliverance was growing for ourselves.

At last we obtained clean papers, and steamed down the Bosphorus. In the early morning sunlight the panorama of Constantinople, its hills and palaces, and mosques and minarets, burst upon us in dazzling splendour. Our ship was soon surrounded by a swarm of small boats and cranky caiques. We landed on a dirty wharf, and wended our way through narrow streets paved with irregular, pointed stones, and thronged with picturesque types of Oriental ruffians, grave officials, mysterious women clad in gaudy robes, their heads veiled in white *yach-macks*, and showing only two flashing black eyes. We deposited our luggage in the Hôtel d'Angleterre, which, I may say incidentally, is the dearest and poorest hotel I have ever had the misfortune to lodge in. Then we started on an exploring tour, which lasted a week, and of which I will give only the results.

The chief things to see and study at Constantinople are the bazaars of Stamboul, the general aspect of the streets, particularly on the Stamboul side, and, of course, the views of the town from different points. The special sights, the monuments and curiosities mentioned in guide-books, are generally a delusion and a snare. When you have seen Saint Sophia and the Mosque of Suliman, you have seen all the mosques; and, like everything else at Constantinople, they look better from afar than they do when you are close to them. If mosaics interest you, go to Balata, and see the old Greek church, where there are many square feet of beautiful mosaic quite intact. The Hippodrome is a delusion, for there is nothing left of it but the ground; the so-called reservoir of the thousand and one columns is a snare, for the columns number only 224, and the reservoir has not yet been excavated. The Sultan's palaces are equally without interest so far as a Frank can see them, for, like most crowned heads, Turkish Sultans have never been famous for their taste, and, furthermore, the religion of Mahomet is hostile to art. As for the street architecture of Constantinople, it can hardly be said to exist. The houses are, with the exception of the European quarter of Pera, wooden shanties, which are constantly being devoured by fire. The best thing for the stranger to do is to give up all ideas of sight-seeing, and simply to wander in the maze of streets. No words can do justice to the wretchedness of the pavement, which has been laid once and for ever, years ago, and never been touched since. Here and there the pavement sinks, and in the hole you find a litter of puppies. In the middle of the road, in the gutter, along the narrow kerb-stone you see scores of yellow, mangy, wounded, and mutilated dogs, who go foraging about, or lie in the sun wherever they please, undisturbed by anyone. The men of Constantinople step out of the way of the dogs,

and not the dogs out of the way of the men. I have even seen a tramcar stop while the driver used persuasive words, in order to induce a street-dog to remove his hind quarters from the rails. In most of the streets of the town, carriages are impossible, owing to the narrowness and steepness; and so, if you cannot walk, you must ride on a horse, while the owner of the horse runs behind. When you wend your way amidst the crowd of men and women, the strings of pack-horses laden with wood and flour and every imaginable burden, the throng of hawkers bellowing out their wares. On each side are little shops and little cafés, and money-changers and water-sellers, who attract attention by a hydraulic arrangement which spins round and chinks against a ring of glasses. There is a babel of languages, of sounds, of costumes, and of colours—an inextricable confusion of clattering movement, above which the human voices predominate. And everybody is smoking, even the women. In front of the cafés you see fat Turks puffing a *nargileh*, while the street barber is shaving their heads. Here and there you come to a fountain, and you see the pious Turks washing according to the Mahometan ritual before they enter the neighbouring mosque to pray. And at every ten steps you find sellers of grapes and cakes and sweets, and restaurants, where the savoury *kebab* is roasting in the window on perpendicular spits—for the Turk, if not a great eater, is a perpetual eater, and all day long he is nibbling, when he is not smoking or playing with a string of beads.

The bazaars remind one of the Temple Market in Paris on a vaster scale. They are long, vaulted, and dimly-lighted galleries, paved with pointed stones like the streets, and lined with thousands of stalls or shops, where every product of the earth is sold, from diamonds and gold-dust down to sewing cotton and blacking. One part of the bazaar is occupied by diamond merchants, another by pipe-makers, another by coopers, another by blacksmiths, another by shoemakers, another by mercers and drapers, and so forth. The vendors are of all the races of the East—Turks, Persians, Armenians, and Jews. They speak all languages, and try to tempt you by all means of persuasion, including free coffee or lemonade, to buy their wares, arms, silver, jewellery, embroidery, lace, pottery, and all the multifarious products of the East that are brought by the caravans. This, indeed, is the East, and the East with all its splendour of colour, its primitiveness, its dirt and its perfidy. No vendor in the bazaars ever asks less than three times the sum at which he can afford to sell, and so one passes hours sipping coffee and bargaining calmly, and watching the veiled Turkish women making their purchases by the same long and curious process as you are yourself employing. It is a bad system, doubtless, but it is the custom of the country, like wearing a fez and eating sweets.

Wandering in the streets and bargaining in the bazaars have been my chief and almost only occupations during my stay; and I can warmly recommend the visitor to Constantinople to follow my example. The sooner he has done with the few obligatory sights the better. The beginning and the end of Constantinople for the visitor is the streets, the people, the life, the general aspect; and, thanks to the exquisite climate and the perpetual sea-breezes, there would be no more amusing city for lounging and loafing than Constantinople, if only the pavement were a little less pitiless.

W. Cummings, of Paisley, beat W. G. George, of Worcester, at Preston, in a race on Saturday last for the four-mile championship and £100 a side.

## A SHOWER IN PICCADILLY.

London street life, as in most cities where the climate is capricious—and so it is in England, particularly in the changeable weather between late summer and autumn—is liable to sudden disturbance from the fall of rain. It may be a new experience for some of our Australian friends, who have come hither to attend the Colonial Exhibition. To a Londoner of prudent mind and delicate health, one of the most inevitable questions for consideration, when he leaves home in the morning, is "Shall I take my umbrella?" A lady will pursue her careless husband to the street-door after breakfast, to see that he does not neglect this precaution; she will have her way; but he is very likely, if the day be fine, to have left the useful implement at his office, or lost it at his club, before he returns in the evening. We have known men, on the other hand, who never possessed such an article in their lives, but would rely on cabs or omnibuses in case of rain, or wait in some chance shelter during a brief shower, though in winter they always wore a sufficient overcoat. This practice is not to be commended, for it leads to unpunctuality in keeping appointments, and to waste both of money and time. Indifference to getting wet is positively dangerous to persons of fixed sedentary occupations, who may be compelled to pass many hours in damp clothes at a distance from home, but there is little or no risk to robust and active men who continue in brisk exercise till their garments are dry. The Piccadilly loungers who figure in our Artist's drawing, appear mostly to be gentlemen of leisure; and their finances may bear the spoiling of new hats and coats, every month of the season, without being reduced to purchase the inferior wares of Messrs. Prior and Melton, whose advertising emissary displays, in his own apparel, a truly shocking example. With ladies, who cannot walk fast or far to get rid of a chill, and who have perhaps no convenient club-house to enter at need—though in New Bond-street there is now a Ladies' Club—getting wet is a more serious trouble; but some of them endure it bravely and calmly. It is a characteristic sign of the growing spirit of the sex, that the Hansom cab, which was formerly supposed to be impossible for them, is now readily used upon an emergency; and we should like to see the vehicle better adapted for a lady to step into with ease and safety. Tram-cars we shall have everywhere in the good time coming; but the common, narrow omnibus, in wet weather, is "a mockery, a delusion, and a snare"; there is little chance of getting a seat, after waiting in the rain a quarter of an hour; and then, when seated at last, with the dripping umbrellas and soaked dresses of fellow-passengers, one is in a worse plight than at first. On the whole, a shower in Piccadilly, or any other thoroughfare of mixed resort, involves a large amount of discomfort to hundreds of people, who went forth gaily and freely at an earlier hour of the day, intent on shopping, visiting, or sight-seeing, besides those bound to defy all weather in their errands of business or stated service. A certain percentage of the victims will be sure to catch colds, and a certain degree of damage will be done to their wardrobes, the cost of which might be computed by curious statisticians. Many of us are old enough to remember when the Quadrant in Regent-street, along both sides of the street, had its side-pavements amply protected by a stately colonnade, which was a beautiful feature of London architecture. It would, if it had been preserved to this day, have afforded a welcome retreat, after a morning concert at St. James's Hall, or some shopping in that neighbourhood, to thousands of middle-class walking folk who are too often caught in a shower.

## WHAT EVERY TRAVELLING TRUNK AND HOUSEHOLD IN THE WORLD OUGHT TO CONTAIN.

### A BOTTLE OF ENO'S FRUIT SALT.



IT is the BEST PREVENTIVE of, and CURE for, BILIOUSNESS, Sick Headache, Skin Eruptions, Pimples on the Face, Giddiness, Fevers, Blood Poisons, Feverishness or Feverish Colds, Mental Depression, Want of Appetite, Constipation, Vomiting, Thirst, &c., and to remove the effects of errors in Eating and Drinking. It is invaluable to those who are Fagged, Worn Out, or anyone whose duties require them to undergo Mental or Unnatural Excitement or Strain; it keeps the Blood pure, and prevents disastrous diseases by natural means.

IF its GREAT VALUE in KEEPING THE BODY in HEALTH were UNIVERSALLY KNOWN, NO FAMILY WOULD be WITHOUT IT.

RUSSIA and ENO'S FRUIT SALT.—An English Chaplain writes:—"Would you kindly inform me whether you have an agent in Russia for the sale of your Fruit Salt? If not, would it be possible to send two or three bottles through the post? We have used your Fruit Salt now for some time, and think so highly of it that my wife says she would not be without it for a great deal. For children's ailments I know of nothing to equal it. It acts like a charm. Our little ones have had no other medicine for some time; no matter what the ailment may be, cold, headache, or stomach-ache, the Fruit Salt seems to cure in a marvellously

short time. The Fruit Salt seems to be just the medicine we have required for a long time—something thoroughly efficacious, which acts quickly, and is pleasant to the taste.—I am, faithfully yours, A BRITISH CHAPLAIN."

ENO'S FRUIT SALT.—"After suffering for nearly two years and a half from severe headache and disordered stomach, and after trying almost everything, and spending much money without finding any benefit, I was recommended by a friend to try your Fruit Salt, and before I had finished one bottle I found it doing me a great deal of good; and now I am restored to my usual health; and others I know that have tried it have not enjoyed such good health for years.—Yours most truly, ROBERT HUMPHREYS, Post Office, Barrasford."

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—"A new invention is brought before the public, and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit.—ADAMS."

CAUTION.—Legal Rights are protected in every civilised country. Read the following:—"In the Supreme Court of Sydney (N.S.W.) an appeal from a decree of Sir W. Manning perpetually restraining the defendant (Hogg) from selling a fraudulent imitation of Eno's Fruit Salt, and giving heavy damages to the plaintiff, has, after a most exhaustive trial of two days' duration, been unanimously dismissed with costs.—Sydney Morning Herald, Nov. 26."

Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked "ENO'S FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation. Sold by all Chemists.

PREPARED ONLY AT ENO'S FRUIT SALT WORKS, HATCHAM, LONDON, S.E., BY J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

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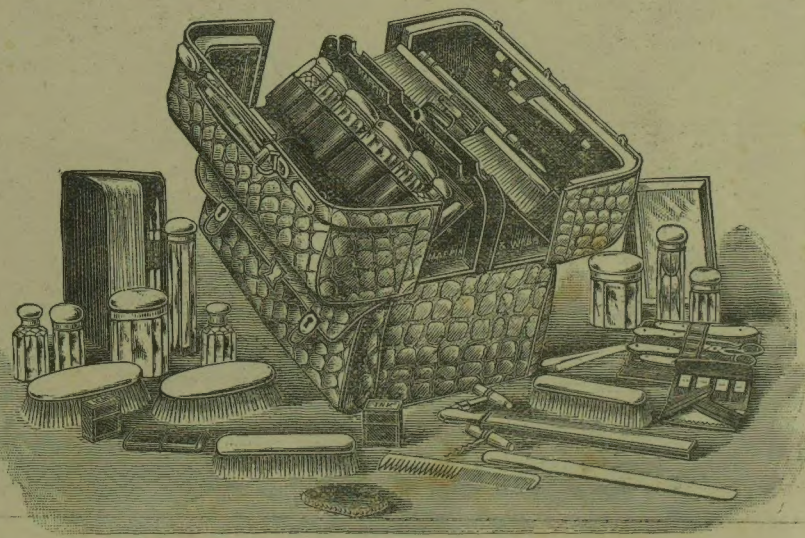
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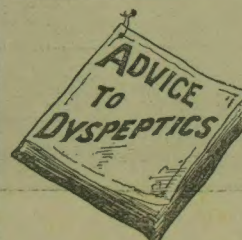
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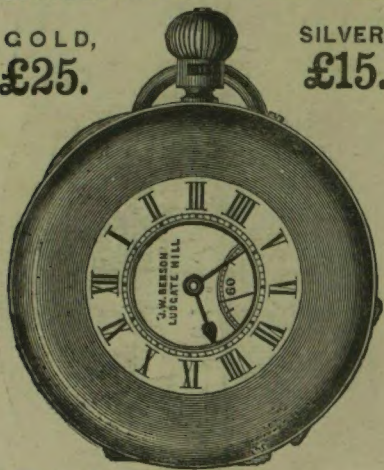
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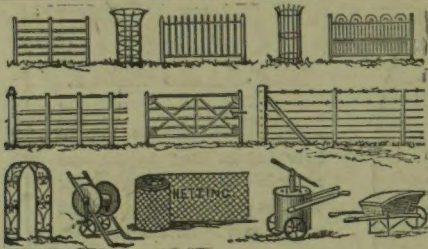
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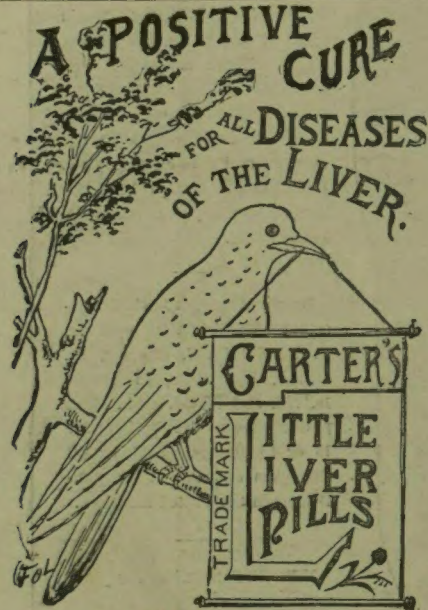
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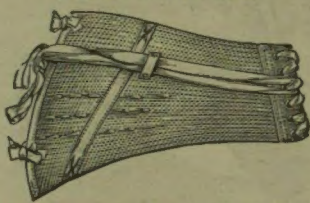
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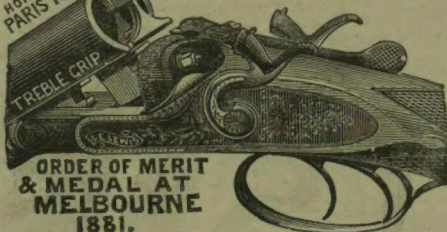
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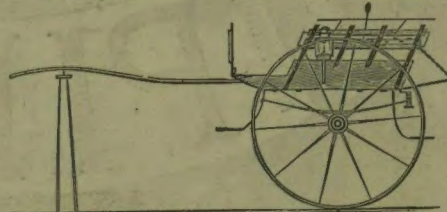
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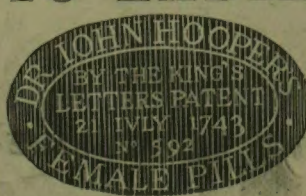


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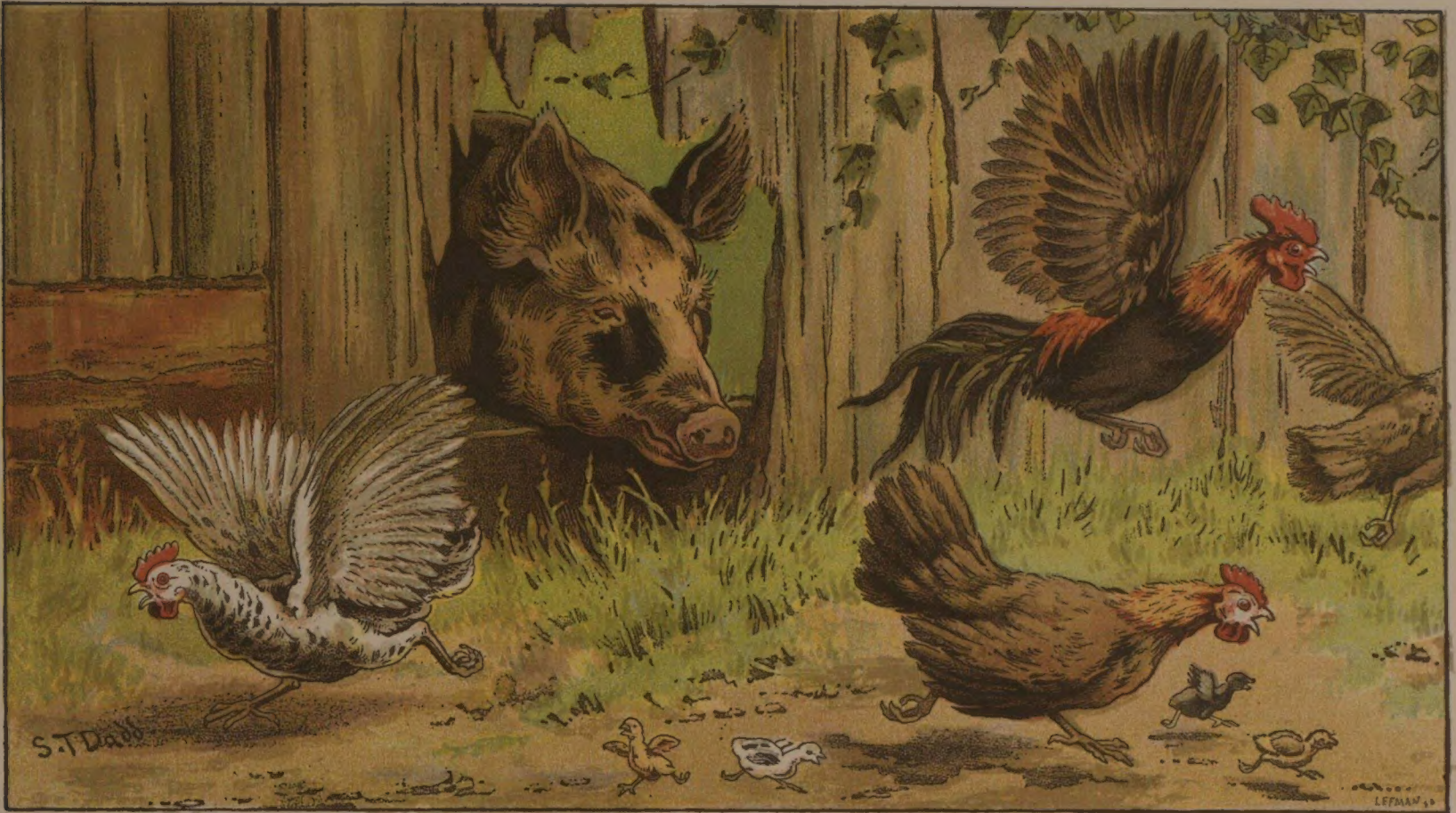
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